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NOTES.

FOR a good old crusted, tawny, full-bodied view of the Indian disturbances commend us to a three-column-long letter signed "N.," to which was given a place of honour in the "Times" last week. Anything more pretentious or inconclusive we do not remember to have come across even in the course of a controversy signalized by the writing of so much rubbish. The writer—who, from the place and type accorded him, must be presumed to be of some authority—discusses every theory which has been put forward to account for the outbreak, and equally rejects all. Finally he discovers salvation in feeling that it is all due to the tribes taking advantage of a year of famine and pestilence in India, when rumours of sedition have been widespread in the native Press (which, no doubt, they all subscribe to), and when a great strain has evidently been placed upon the resources of government. All that need be said of this is that it is, in its way, as good or as bad as any other theory which ignores our own action beyond the frontier.

It is always more comfortable to attribute our disasters to Providence than to our own folly. "The inevitable obligations of Empire" is, however, the keynote of "N.'s" defence, as it might have been of Cecil Rhodes, had Jameson been successful. Why "obligations," it may be asked? Why "inevitable"? These are phrases merely begging the question. Has Empire no other "inevitable obligations," such as financial equilibrium, for example? Lord Elgin's alleged breach of faith in retaining cantonments at Malakand or Chakdara after proclaiming that he had "no intention of permanently occupying any territory through which Umra Khan's misconduct might now force him to pass" is referred by "N." to casuists. Need we go hunt for casuists? Would not a babe of elementary rectitude be sufficient? To commend to the doctors a vital difficulty with which one cannot conveniently oneself grapple is not precisely the way to carry conviction; but probably Lord Elgin's action was an inevitable obligation of Empire. "N.'s" method in this regard is in keeping with the sophistries and evasions of the whole letter, which is as clumsy a piece of special pleading as even the most ardent supporter of the Indian National Congress could desire to have seen published. Finally, "N." would leave the whole matter to expert consideration, which is almost the only sensible word he has to say. But how if experts notoriously differ?

When Señor Castelar after his retirement from public life visited Italy a couple of years back the advanced Liberals in Rome prepared him a hearty reception, but to their mortification his first act on reaching the Eternal City was to seek audience with

the Pope. The motives of the visit were not rightly understood at the time, but there is no doubt now that they were inspired by a generous patriotism. Spanish statesmen rightly understood that they had no need of diplomatic alliances if they could engage the sympathies of the Vatican, and the Vatican of late years has shown itself disposed to further the interests of Spain in the fullest measure. The Pope writes periodic letters to the Queen-Regent expressing his hopes that an era of peace and union of hearts will soon dawn for the Spanish nation. Cardinal Rampolla never loses an opportunity of affirming that the Holy See can have absolutely no sympathy with the insurrection in Cuba. Spain has thus an ally on whom she may count, not only to save her from unpleasant complications with foreign Powers, but also, when the time comes, to help her, by some sort of mediation, out of the unfortunate muddle in her chief colony.

Apart from the Cuban trouble, Spain at home has motives for serious preoccupation. The Carlists, it appears, think the present an excellent opportunity for actively renewing their anti-dynastic agitation; and the members of the inferior clergy, who form not the least important portion of the dissatisfied element which adheres to the Pretender, are taking up once more the propaganda. Here again the Vatican can do much, and seems resolved to do it. The Spanish representative, M. Merry del Val, is the only Ambassador accredited to the Holy See who is not at this moment enjoying the diplomatic holiday. He is in constant communication with the Vatican, and it is asserted that, after an unusually long audience which he had with the Pope on Thursday of last week, instructions were telegraphed to the Nuncio at Madrid to take measures for keeping the lower clergy in check, and for impressing on them the absolute necessity of upholding the present régime.

The Pope has some experience in this matter. A couple of years ago a large band of Spanish pilgrims were in Rome, and on receiving them he took the occasion to give the peasant priests a good talking-to on the matter of their political opinions. The ecclesiastics were not half pleased. They saw the Pope carried from the Throne Room without raising a single cheer, and they left the Vatican growling and grumbling that the Pope was not rightly informed. But the little lecture had its good result. It was observed that the Carlist priests grew notably more circumspect, and that Don Carlos himself and his chief followers lay low for a considerable period.

So far as could be ascertained, Mr. Burt was the only member of this year's Trades-Union Congress who had attended the gathering at Birmingham in 1869. He

was then General Secretary of the Northumberland Miners, a position he has held for over thirty years. An element of special interest is provided at all the Congresses by what is called the annual duel between the Miners' National Union—the men of Northumberland and Durham—and the Miners' National Federation. On the question of the legal eight hours' day the Federation men never fail to taunt their Northern brethren with the hours they work their boys, and the cry is taken up with avidity by others who know less of the circumstances. The truth is that the boys in the mines of Northumberland and Durham do not work longer hours than the boys in what has become known as the Federation districts. It is doubtful whether they work as long; certainly their work is more regular and their hardships less.

At the inquest some months ago on the body of a boy, seventeen years of age, who had met his death at the Hall End Colliery, Polesworth, it was proved that he had been at work for over twelve hours, that he had been without food for seven hours, and that he had been at work on the previous day from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. The Home Secretary also stated in the House of Commons that "the manager, on a previous occasion, when a lad was killed after working fifteen hours, had promised not to allow young persons to work so long in future." It may be needless, but it is only justice to say that such inhumanity is unknown and would be impossible in either Northumberland or Durham. In the Federation districts in Scotland, in Lancashire and Wales, women and girls are employed about the pits, a thing which has not been seen in connexion with the two traduced English counties within living memory.

It is only the lesser dimensions of the Vegetarian orbit within which he revolves that prevent Mr. Arnold F. Hills from seriously rivalling the German Emperor. For neither in the rubbish that he talks, nor in the frequency of his utterance, nor yet in the production of hare-brained ideas, does he fall short of William the Grandiloquent. Like the latter, he fancies himself "at home" on any subject; like the latter, he is usually "at sea." Though a Vegetarian he breeds and rears sheep and cattle which he sells with a stipulation that they are not to be slaughtered for food. What he can suppose becomes of them we fail to see. His recent utterances on Vegetarian Athletes make one smile; and his latest toy is a Vegetarian Cycle Club. He is under the fond impression that his workmen are teetotallers and non-smokers, and the majority Vegetarians as well. The sure and certain road to success in his establishment is to join the Bible Class and the Brass Band, and the Philharmonic Society and the Library, and the Cycle Club, and the Ideal Club, to wear a blue ribbon, and attend the lectures at the People's Palace.

The Thames Ironworks are always referred to as one of the earliest, if not the very first, to adopt the eight hours' day. Of the success of this system they are supposed to be a bright and shining example. However, Mr. Hills has several times gone cap in hand to the different Governments to plead for orders for ships whilst his prices are much in excess of those ruling elsewhere. But, as he himself states, it is a public matter that the shipbuilding industry should not leave the Thames. Mr. Hills is, from other sources, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" and can afford to gratify his whims and fads—which he does at the expense of his profits. He has erected a standard of ease and comfort for his work-people which his trade competitors say it is impossible to concede. The "bonus" system at his works is only one of his many peculiar methods of management. Business is one thing; philanthropy is another. But Mr. Hills's mixture of the two has cost him dearly, and has played sad mischief with the shipbuilding industry in London.

The advance into the Sudan goes steadily on, and no one has now any doubts as to the objective of the "little" expedition which when it started put on a modest appearance of a little trip into the desert. Berber has been occupied by a force of Egyptian troops

under General Hunter, and the Dervishes have retired a little further away, leaving behind them some dozen of corn-laden barges, whilst the Khalifa is falling back nearer and nearer to Khartoum. The admirable organization of the expedition and the excellence of the Egyptian troops have apparently convinced him that for the moment it is wiser to run away than to fight. The preparations for the final blow have now to be made, and no doubt there will be a little hard fighting when the Dervishes make their last stand. But the reconquest of the Sudan for Egypt is now a foregone conclusion, and that after all was the real aim of the little trip to Dongola which modestly started the expedition.

"If England were to go to war with Germany!" The hypothesis which has been in a good many minds of late has been put into words by Herr von Kusserow, once upon a time the Prussian Minister at Hamburg. He put forward the supposition only as a bogey, it is true, with which to frighten the Germans into providing the money for the big navy on which the Emperor William has set his heart. This will not be quite the effect it will have, however, on the practical German mind. It will serve rather to open their eyes more effectively to the gulf whither their harebrained ruler is leading them. "If England were to go to war with Germany," they are beginning to realize that they would be, to all intents and purposes, helpless against us, that their 250 millions of sea-borne commerce would disappear behind the smoke of our battleships and cruisers, and that most of it would, in the natural order of things, revert to us. Her ports would be destroyed, her Colonial possessions would fall like ripe if not very attractive fruit into our mouths, and her big army would all the while be reduced to the wearisome task of looking on across the strait of water that divides us. And the conclusion that the Germans will draw from the speculation is, not that they should spend their money in a vain effort to vie with us in naval armaments, but—as Prince Bismarck said the other day—that "they might have to repent undue nagging of the English." William the Little does not precisely grow more popular with his people.

Whilst it seems certain that the preliminary treaty of peace between Greece and Turkey will be signed at Constantinople to-day—unless, of course, Abdul Hamid has a sudden whim—it is not clear what is the exact nature of the compromise agreed upon with respect to the evacuation of Thessaly. The news from Constantinople is that Articles II. and VI. have been drawn up on the basis of Lord Salisbury's proposals. A report from Athens states, however, that Great Britain and Germany had agreed that the evacuation of Thessaly should take place within a month after the Greek Chamber had assigned sufficient revenues for the service of the old debt, but that Russia had reverted to Lord Salisbury's original proposal for the evacuation a month after the signature of the treaty of peace, and that this proposal was eventually agreed to by all the Powers. What are the exact provisions of the treaty we shall learn in due course, and we are hesitating whether to allow the sigh of relief at the end of the protracted negotiations to issue forth. On reflection we think it will be more prudent to reserve it a little while longer. Abdul Hamid has apparently been too busy concealing the members of the young Turkey party who have ventured within his sphere of influence to pay much attention to the negotiations. When he turns his mind to them again nothing is so likely to happen as the unexpected.

Paris did not take kindly to the King of Siam at first. The fact was that even Paris felt some diffidence about receiving a monarch whom France not very long ago despoiled of half his territory. We would not go so far as to say that Paris felt in any way ashamed of the fact, but a sense of the proprieties doubtless made her feel that it would be a little difficult to look the King of Siam in the face. However, the Tsar treated the King with unusual friendliness, and when Paris heard of this all her diffidence vanished and she has given Chulalongkorn a welcome of the kind she is so well able to

give. It is true she has displayed an almost indiscreet curiosity with regard to the details of his daily life, and there may be an awkward contretemps if the "Pothuau" happens to be the vessel which will convey the King from Havre to England, since its second officer was commander of one of the frigates which in 1893 forced the passage of the River Mei-Nam and anchored before Bangkok. But on the whole one may say that Paris has quite forgiven him for being a conquered enemy.

Mr. Athelstar Riley has never been distinguished for the prudence or moderation of his counsels, and he has done his party an ill-turn by his aggressive policy in view of the approaching School Board election. Mr. Diggle and the majority of the Moderate party are content with the concessions they have won with regard to the definition of religious instruction in the schools, and they realize that in general people are heartily sick of the continual squabbling of the sects over the minds of the children. But Mr. Riley having conquered once wants to conquer again. The Moderate Party have succeeded in getting "Christian" religious instruction in Board Schools and are content with that. Mr. Riley now wants the "Christian" character of the teaching to be more strictly defined by the use of the Apostles' Creed. Once that were obtained we should not be surprised if he proposed that the Thirty-nine Articles should be added, and only mildly astonished if he suggested that a high altar and a juvenile confessional should form part of the equipment of a Board School. Mr. Riley is an immoderate Moderate with the temper of a fanatic, and it is to be feared that he will do his party a great deal of harm at the polls. It is a pity, for if the Progressives are returned in a majority they are pretty certain to re-open the whole religious question again, whereas if the Moderates retain their slight majority there will be some hope of securing administrative efficiency and a reasonable economy.

Sir William Windeyer, the retired Australian judge who died suddenly this week, was a man of exceptional ability. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not chosen to represent Australia on the Privy Council, and the wound to his vanity was only slightly healed by his selection from among the judges outside Newfoundland to try the bank directors against whom action has been taken in that colony. Like too many occupants of the Bench at home, Sir William acquired a reputation for assertiveness and self-sufficiency, but by a lucky circumstance the most remarkable instance in which he was held to be guilty of going too far in directing a jury resulted to his credit. A man was charged with murder, and, against what appeared to be the weight of the evidence, Sir William summed up in a manner which made conviction a practical certainty. The press of Sydney was so furious, and public opinion was so strong, that the convict was ultimately pardoned, and Sir William Windeyer was called upon to resign. He sat firm, however, and, to his amazement probably, not less than to that of his critics, in the course of a week or two it became known that the released convict had confessed. Notwithstanding the pardon, the man was re-tried and re-convicted. That was a triumph for Sir William Windeyer such as few judges have enjoyed.

A terrible crime has been committed by a sheriff and his deputies in one of the mining districts of Pennsylvania where a great strike, covering a number of States, has been for some time in progress. The men at a certain colliery were at work and 250 unarmed strikers, mostly of Slav and Polish nationality, started to march into the neighbourhood with the view of inducing them to cease working. They were met by the sheriff in charge of the county, accompanied by a hundred armed deputies who barred the way of advance. The sheriff commanded them to stop, and ordered them to disperse. The men's leaders appear to have endeavoured to reason, but the sheriff read the Riot Act, the men crowding round, but comprehending nothing through ignorance of the language. Assuming that the strikers were determined to go on, and that he was in danger of personal injury, he ordered his deputies to fire at close range, when numbers were shot dead and the rest fled for their lives. A second volley was poured

into the fugitives, and twenty-one persons were killed; all except five of them having been shot in the back. The sheriff's own account of the affair is confused and contradictory; but the citizens with their local knowledge have judged and condemned him, and warrants have been issued for his arrest and that of his assistants.

The sheriff is obviously a weak man, unfitted for so responsible a position. The strikers, obviously also, knew nothing of his intentions or his fears. The feeling engendered by the strike, and the tendency in the States to use "shooting irons" on the slightest provocation may be credited with the rest. The American miners are very badly organized, and, apart from the risks of being shot, endure hardships to which happily our people here are strangers. Coal-miners who have recently left this country for America and returned give harrowing accounts of the distress and hard conditions prevalent in the colliery districts there. Heartless speculation and the cruellest use of the power which capital commands are rampant, and the men are not in a position to resist oppression successfully.

In one day's sitting the Associated Chambers of Commerce managed to ask for a large number of things from the Postmaster-General. It would seem as if the only things on which the Chambers of Commerce had really set their minds were improvements in postal facilities. Imperial or at least ocean penny postage, four words of the address free in telegrams, permission to send liquids through the Parcel Post, and a general improvement in the very imperfect trunk-line telephone service were what they asked for. One would think that the bodies of the delegates were all inspired by the soul of Mr. Henniker Heaton. It is true that they also declared in favour of the compulsory introduction of the metric system, but this same resolution has been passed year after year with just as much effect as if it had been to establish the English pound as the unit of weight in the planet Mars.

The London and North-Western Railway Company is becoming a very sybarite; and the new passenger trains which it has recently built may almost be described as a dream of luxury. But these things have to be paid for. Moreover, the sole object of a train is to earn money for its company's shareholders; and if a certain limit of cost in its construction and maintenance be passed it must obviously fail in its profit-earning duty, unless fares are raised to correspond. Now, it is a matter of common knowledge among railway experts that the luxurious first-class carriages of modern construction do not pay. Except in the case of season-ticket trains they are seldom even half full. But even if they were always full it is doubtful whether they could possibly earn a profit—or at least a profit worth mentioning—at the current fares. Railway managers have long been conscious of this, and the increasing luxuriousness of their carriages signifies little else than a foolish succumbing to competitive ostentation. The North-Western directors have chosen a peculiarly inopportune moment for their latest burst in the way of expensive upholstery. At just about the time that these new carriages were being put on the line, the Company, in a despairing effort to induce people to travel first or second class, instead of the universal third, reduced their first and second class fares. At future half-yearly meetings the Chairman will probably be enabled to congratulate the shareholders on the increase in the number of superior class passengers.

The publication by the Italian Geographical Society of the results of the late Vittorio Bottego's last expedition will increase the regret felt at the death of this distinguished explorer. His journeys in the upper basin of the Juba River had already placed him in the front rank of contemporary African explorers. But the expedition in which Bottego lost his life was carried through in face of even greater difficulties, and has yielded still more brilliant results. When Lake Rudolf was first discovered some European geographers maintained that it had an outlet into the Sobat River, and was therefore the source of one of the most important tributaries of

the Nile. But in spite of several attempts to settle the question it was reserved for Bottego to show that the Sobat has no connexion with the Lake Rudolf drainage. Several expeditions had started to map the western side of the lake, but before Bottego's journey only a Suahili caravan from Mombasa had succeeded in marching along the western shore.

Earl Compton, who now becomes Marquess of Northampton, is not the first of his line to have made a noise in the world. The first Earl of Northampton rendered himself famous by his marriage with Elizabeth, only child of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, 1594 and 1595. The lady eloped, concealed in the baker's basket, and was disinherited for her escapade. But Sir John afterwards relented, and died leaving the enormous fortune, at that time of half-a-million. Some writers nearly double the sum. On the death of his father-in-law the first Earl, "oppressed with the greatness of his soudaine fortunes, fell madde," though after "being kept in the Tour" (Tower of London) a little while, he "recovered." "At the first coming to his great estate he within less than eight weeks spent £72,000, most in great horses, rich saddles, and plays." But he was nicknamed and generally known as "The Crazy." His latest successor is a red-hot Radical.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

THE Unitarian body, however it may have failed to be an active force in English social life, has been singular in impressing a sedate, gentle spirit on many of those brought up within its pale. One associates with it an old-world, feminine type of mind, filled with placid compromise and genteel reasonableness. Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, whose death will affect a large army of readers with a quiet but sincere sorrow, was essentially of this subdued nature. There was a delicate, ladylike order in all his opinions, a shrinking reticence that shunned all disorderly enthusiasms, in art, in letters, in politics, and in religion. His golden way was the middle way in which one might walk with a restrained self-respect. His sober, slightly tedious, but always admirably restrained articles were instinct with a fine humanitarianism, but he never allowed his feelings to outrun his judgment. He had a great public in England: a public sheltered in leafy rectories and in the snug villas of rich Nonconformists from the headlong decisions and rowdy activity of the world.

Probably no one will ever know the precise steps by which Hutton came over from Unitarianism to the Church. Coleridge had something to do with it; Maurice a good deal more. But probably most of all he was guided by the feminine needs of his own mind, by the desire for restraint, dignity, authority in matters of ritual and belief. The "arbitrary prayers" and individualistic sermons to which the unrestrained Unitarian clergy incline made him feel the want of a liturgy and of an inspired tradition. It would be exceedingly difficult to show that he had been really converted, in any intellectual sense, to the precise dogmas of the creeds; it was the practice rather than the profession of the Church which attracted him. Nothing seemed less probable to those who had followed Hutton's work closely than the current rumour that in later days he had passed over to Rome. His mind was absolutely unsympathetic with the imperious dogmas and lax practice of Rome.

The "Spectator," under Mr. Hutton's guidance, rapidly grew to be a great power in the country. Politically, it began by suiting those who wished Liberalism without revolution, gradual amelioration of the lot of others without any disturbance of their own lot; and it ended by suiting those who wished to call themselves Liberals and to vote Conservative. But if it were never daring, it was always honest; if it was slightly stupid, it was never malevolent; and it is as much an inseparable part of the later Victorian age as Tennyson's lines on the faith in honest doubt. No one who knew Hutton or his writings can doubt that he was a man of singularly fine character and one who, if his physical will-force had been as strong as his intellect, might have been almost a great man.

THE TRIAL OF MR. GANGADHAR TILAK.

THE issue of the Gangadhar Tilak trial will have reassured the Government of India as to the sufficiency of its Penal Code to keep within bounds flagrantly seditious writing in the public papers. More than this, perhaps, the Government at present does not desire. It would probably prefer to leave Press prosecutions to the provisions of the general penal law rather than to propose at this juncture a close supervision of the Press by the aid of a special enactment. Though the latitude allowed to the Native Press in India may seem excessive to able men of large Indian experience, it is considered by many to be necessary, in order to secure our Indian fellow-subjects freedom of public expression, no less than to furnish a public training ground and school for writers who have never been accustomed, under native rule, to criticize the acts or the policy of the Government. The question is one which has been hotly debated, but it does not happily press at the present moment for a new solution, the law having in the late emergency shown itself efficient. It may be objected that it would have been well if the penal powers of the law had been known a little sooner. Fear of penal prosecution might then have prevented the publication of articles in the "Kesari" which preceded the murders of Mr. Rand and Lieutenant Ayerst. But such objection loses sight of the fact that the prosecution admitted that there was no evidence that these murders were due to the articles in the "Kesari." All whom it may concern, in any case, are now aware that a repetition of such writing will bring the parties implicated to condign and exemplary punishment. A sentence of eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment under the Indian Penal Code to a man in the position of Mr. Gangadhar Tilak is a very grave matter indeed. Apart from his fall from an eminent and honourable position in the public life of Bombay, he will be called upon presumably to submit to the severe discipline, to restrict himself to the coarse diet, and to labour at the rough tasks imposed on the common criminals of customary type among whom he will for the next eighteen months be numbered. It is, no doubt, very probable that by many among his fellow-prisoners, and by all of his Poona and Bombay native friends, he will be honoured as a martyr, and his convict cap will seem a crown of glory. But, however much this may solace his pride, the positive discomfort and the comparative disgrace of his present position will bring with them wholesome lessons which will not be lost either on the late editor of the "Kesari" or on its readers and subscribers.

Be this, however, as it may, the lesson to be learned from the incident is not addressed only to Mr. Gangadhar Tilak and his friends. They have learned the power of the law; the Government has probably yet to learn at what cost to itself it has put the law on this occasion into operation. There are some who dispose of all such difficulties with a light heart; and dismiss the whole matter with the emphatic assurance that the natives have been once more wheeled into line. Fortunately we have not yet reached the point when questions of this delicacy and difficulty can be so summarily disposed of; or the whole civil population of India be brought under the drill sergeant. To more thoughtful observers, the problem is very much more complex. Here was a man who may well be regarded as a representative of the best class of Hindû gentlemen trained under British rule, in the most enlightened of all our Indian cities. He has held a high public position to which his education, the estimate in which he was held by all classes of his fellow-subjects, and his own abilities have honourably raised him. On more than one occasion since the plague appeared in Bombay, he has admittedly thrown the weight of his influence on the side of authority. His sympathies, as a rule, have been in past times on the side of order and good government. He has had everything to gain by continuing so to exert them, and everything to lose by a contrary line of conduct. But the possibility of forfeiting public position and personal liberty, together with the final loss of the confidence and consideration of the authorities, has not restrained him from openly assailing the Government, and pursuing it with malignant

invective—from turning his back, as it were, on his past self—when, at a critical juncture, and on a matter of native usage, pressure was put on him by the opinion of his own class. It is beside the point to say that native writers, expressing themselves in English upon public questions, fall naturally and very generally into the style of declamation with which they have been made familiar in our schools. The editor of the “Kesari,” we may be sure, knew very well the meaning of his words and the precise sense which both he and his readers attached to them. He knew, too, the risks to which his deliberately chosen language exposed him. The explanation does not lie there, but is doubtless to be found where, from past experience, we should have expected to find it. The explanation lies in the strength of those prejudices (if the word is permissible in this connexion), those practices, privileges of his inner life and home usages to which amid the wreck of empire and the loss of personal liberty or public security the native of India clings with unsubdued fervour and unequalled tenacity. Touch what he deems his religious privileges or his social safeguards, and you will have Hindû and Mahomedan alike in an uproar. These are the two points on which he feels vitally. Misgovernment, excessive taxation, denial of public justice, compared to these are all secondary. It is unfortunate that these are precisely the points on which, outside the circle of the recognised administrative agency, pressure is most exercised on him and on the Indian authorities from this country. To assure the salvation of his soul and the health of his body is the avowed and unimpeachable object of the great armies of missionary and sanitary causes. As the years pass, the several governments and administrations in India are more and more engaged in easing off from him the more or less constant and growing pressure of these formidable bodies. The occasion which brought about the late catastrophe was, no doubt, of exceptional difficulty and urgency. The Bombay Government had apparently satisfied itself that, while allowing its officials to enter private houses, and to penetrate into the women's apartments, it had taken all precautions necessary to satisfy the people that its aims were legitimate and its means unobjectionable. This may have been so. All that seems clear is that the precautions taken by the Government failed entirely to reassure those for whom they were intended. It was, in truth, next to impossible that house-search such as was deemed necessary could fail to excite deep distrust among a population so sensitive in matters of domestic privacy, and so accustomed to the scrupulous respect hitherto paid it by our authorities. The shocking murders of Mr. Rand and Lieutenant Ayerst are the true gauge of the fierce feeling provoked. The lesson to be impressed by the whole incident, no less on the British public than on the authorities in India, seems to be that they should interfere as little as possible in directions which lie outside the customary circle of the public administration, but that when they are, in spite of themselves, compelled to trespass within the privileged limits of the private home, they must be prepared to meet with all possible opposition, and to offer all possible safeguards and concessions. The sooner they can retire within the habitual and recognized sphere of their administrative duties, the better for all parties. Nothing but the extremest urgency—certainly no mere propaganda of any section or party, however praiseworthy—can justify them in stepping out of it, for nothing that they can do while out of it can fail to be misapprehended and misjudged. It was only the other day that the proposed enactment abolishing infant marriage threw all India into a paroxysm of anger. If, on the other hand, the Government chose to forbid cow-killing it would gain more popularity among Hindûs than by remitting half their taxes. Few measures add more to its unpopularity than dispersing or forbidding religious fairs in seasons when cholera is prevalent. It is therefore much to be regretted that a test trial for seditious writing, and the authoritative exposition of the present penal law, could not have been held over some question less calculated to stir to their depths the most-violent feelings of the native community. It is not less unfortunate that the murder of two of its officers shortly after the seditious

articles appeared may have seemed to give to the prosecution by the Government on this occasion an air of vindictiveness and retaliation rather than of a calm administrative act. Public sympathy will be with the condemned man. He will be regarded as one who has dared publicly to avow native sentiments, and to assail the administration at a moment when it threatened the inviolability of hearth and home, and as having fallen a victim to his honourable ambition. The severity of the sentence will certainly not lessen the approval and recognition with which Mr. Gangadhar Tilak's appeals have been regarded by those to whom they were addressed. Justice may have been meted out in the High Court of Bombay to the satisfaction of the Government, but in native opinion it is the Government itself which will be condemned. What it has to do now is to put itself right as soon and as best it can with the local community, whose most valued privileges it has been compelled, however unwillingly, to disregard. The authorities at Simla, on the other hand, will scarcely consider the present moment opportune for recommending a more stringent press law, and accentuating native discontent at such an unfortunate crisis, by throwing further difficulties in the way of its free expression.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

THE immortal memory of a great man is no simple statement of his exploits, real or imagined, no cold and exact appreciation of the man as he lived and of the deeds he performed. At the least, it is a living active compound of the things remembered and the people who remember. At the most it is a passionate and inspiring enthusiasm becoming simpler and stronger by what it gives and takes in each generation. Fiction, said Zola, meaning what is called realistic fiction, is not life; still less is it imagination; it is life seen through a temperament. The active mind, looking out on a motley world, does not receive its impressions with the mechanical accuracy of a photographic plate: it selects and discriminates, often obscuring the obvious and insisting upon the unapparent. It sees things that are not, and is blind to those that are; it makes its picture of the world after its own image, writes under it its own superscription, and resolutely believes the monster a simple transcript of nature. If this be true of the records of contemporary life, on which a single temperament has played, how much more must it be true of an “immortal memory” on which the temperaments of many generations have played, which has been sifted through the varying feelings of a thousand minds and has received accretions from the enthusiasms of many centuries. The immortal memory of Wallace has no longer any part or lot with exact history: it is as apocryphal as the stories that cluster round the memory of a great wit, and as real and living as the race which has modified and intensified it.

It was upon this transformation of the tradition of a man by the spirit of a race that the literary genius of Lord Rosebery fixed, when in Stirling, at a stone's-throw from the famous bridge, he proposed “the immortal memory” of Wallace. In truth there is little known and that in the vaguest way of Wallace's career. In the turbulent gloom of the darkest period of Scotch history, when Scotch nobles were grabbing for plunder and selling themselves, their people and one another to the English invader, there came out of the darkness and vanished into the darkness a meteoric figure. We do not even know that he was a Scot by birth, but that, as Lord Rosebery said, is of infinitesimal importance. He has become more truly Scotch, more typical of the Scotch nature and Scotch aspirations than whole tribes of gillies who have lived and died in their mountain mists, or of long-lipped elders who have stored bawbees and listened to the narrowest ways of grace in the lowland shires. We do know that his strategical genius and indomitable spirit led his ragged horde to a brilliant and complete victory over the drilled English army at Stirling Bridge; that for months afterwards he shamed and whipped the robber chiefs who were the nobles of Scotland into a semblance of coherent patriotism; that he sought to bring a little order and a little peace into the lives of the people; that he tried

to secure the liberties of his country by alliance with the enemies of the oppressor. We know that his wise plans were soon upset by the individualistic greed of the nobles, and that after the disastrous battle of Falkirk to him alone the English dared not give amnesty. We know that he, like many another Scot, found shelter for a time in the fair land of France; but that, after a few years, love of the heather brought him back, also, like many others, to be betrayed by his compatriot rivals to a cruel and disgraceful death.

Lord Rosebery, with the sympathetic insight of the literary man, traced the growth of these simple facts into the great tradition. In the time of Wallace there was wanted "not treasure, not fleets, not legions, but a man, the man of the moment, the man of the occasion, the man of destiny." Ending with an epigram that may become a proverb, he declared that crisis was a travail and the birth of the man assuaged it. Wallace had lighted the torch of freedom and the Scotch have not yet allowed it to burn low. He had showed them that it was possible for Scotland again to be a nation, and what a nation might do. In itself, his own movement failed, but gave rise to a greater movement, the effects of which have lasted through the centuries. After Wallace came Bruce, and after Stirling Bridge came Bannockburn. When the two were long dead the myth-building process began: the process by which primitive tribes raise their dead chiefs to the high heavens, by which churches make their good men into saints and by which a strong nation breathes an immortal life into its dead heroes. From cottage to cottage, from peasant to peasant, from generation to generation, the story of Wallace and of Bruce was told, gradually losing the limitations of individuality, gradually absorbing the whole spirit of the race. Then a wandering minstrel codified the traditions of a country, perhaps as Homer, if there were a Homer, brought together the legends of ancient Greece. Last of all Burns, more vocal than Blind Harry, but openly acknowledging the source of his patriotic fervour, steeped a few poignant lines with the sublimated quintessence of the Wallace tradition.

Never perhaps more clearly than in the end of his address has Lord Rosebery shown how alien is the quality of his mind to the bluff opportunism of the politician. A typical politician addressing an audience of perfervid Scotchmen on a national hero would not have failed to make immediate capital by playing on the excited nationality of his audience. Lord Rosebery's whole effort was to see the universal in the particular, to regard the "immortal memory of Wallace" as a type of the great ideas that have swayed mankind. Where the point of the celebration would seem to press too closely against England, he was careful to lead his audience away from a patriotism that was merely aggressive to a patriotism that was constructive and self-centred. Scotland must bear in memory Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn, not because they were won against England, but because they were won for Scotland. In this sense not only Scotland, but the whole British nation of which she is now a vital part, may join with Lord Rosebery in toasting the "immortal memory" of a great hero.

PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE CONGRESS.

THE last days of the Trades-Union Congress were more exciting than the first. It is during the final sittings that the futility of the proceedings comes home to the more thoughtful of the delegates. These men are having the truth forced upon them that the Congress, as at present conducted, is useless for all practical purposes and productive of mistaken impressions as to the views of the workmen generally. Discussion in any reasonable sense is impossible. The declamatory members put their stamp upon the proceedings. The reflective and the sober-minded, those who have mastered questions before they attempt to speak upon them, are unheard. And that is not because workmen are disinclined to listen to the best, but because the organization of the Congress provides opportunity for the worst. Some 380 delegates assembled at Birmingham. They were expected to debate and to declare their final opinions, in the name of the million and a half workmen

represented, upon 150 resolutions and amendments. They had less than three clear days to do it in. The Congress sits for a week, and routine and other administrative business takes up at least three of the six days. This is a task fitted to strain to the uttermost the powers of concentration, readiness of speech, and self-control, even of the most experienced. At the outset, ten minutes were allowed to the mover and seconder of a resolution, and five minutes to every other speaker. After a day or a day and a half's debate, the ten minutes were reduced to five minutes, and the five to three. When it is remembered that many of the subjects discussed touch the very foundations of society, and that they are intricate enough to require volumes for their elucidation, it may easily be seen that the time allowance is utterly inadequate, and even grotesque. No one, indeed, with a mind prepared by knowledge and study would attempt, or does attempt, to put his views before the Congress. Such a man as Mr. Burt is of necessity silent. The consequence is, as we have said, that the speeches are mere snapshots of declamation, and that resolutions are adopted pledging the workmen to the wildest and the vaguest projects without any chance of reasonable debate.

All this, which has for years been obvious to outsiders, is becoming clear to the more experienced leaders, and in a series of brief interviews published in Monday's "Daily News" a dozen of them are unanimous in their dissatisfaction, in their scarcely concealed contempt for the "hardy annuals," mostly of Socialistic import, which form so large a part of the output of the Congress. "Their very multitude," says Mr. Burt, "precludes anything in the nature of good well-reasoned speeches." Even Mr. Pickard declares that they "are troubled too much with vague socialistic ideals which are quite outside the domain of practical affairs." "We want fewer resolutions," says Mr. Harford, "full debates and more concentrated work between the Congresses." What he means by the last phrase is probably that the programme of proceedings should be resolutely curtailed by the Committee of Administration. Mr. Wilkie thinks they should simplify the matter by grouping the subjects and the delegates, as is done by the British Association. This is easier said than done, when it is remembered that one of the ideals of the Congress is to speak with a united voice for the organized workmen whose representatives comprise it. Mr. Rogers is disappointed with the argumentative power of the speeches as a whole. "If we had a tenth of the agenda," he says, "we should get better and more thoughtful consideration, and our proceedings would strike home upon the country in a way, I am sometimes afraid, they do not at present." "We are not definite and thorough enough," says Mr. Hodge; "it is all talk and mechanical recording of half-baked theories." These are views which represent what the thoughtful workmen are saying with far greater accuracy than the majority of the resolutions to which the annual gathering gives its sanction.

The Congress did three things of practical consequence, and three only. It took up the cause of the engineers so far as to promise moral and material aid. It passed a resolution in favour of an eight hours' day for miners. We say nothing of the resolution in favour of an eight hours' day for everybody, because it is nonsense pure and simple. Thirdly, the delegates resolved to form a great federation which shall pool funds for fighting purposes, and thus set in array against the employers an army of workmen determined to support each other to the death. We need discuss only this last proposal. It is necessary to point out that not one of the more responsible Trades-Union leaders believes in it. Even the Miners' National Federation refrained from voting in its favour. They find their own comparatively small federation cumbersome enough. The Miners' National Union voted against it. It is also necessary to say secondly that it is formed under what appears to be a misunderstanding. The federation of engineering employers appears to have set some of the workmen a little off their usual balance. The truth is that no federation of employers is yet in existence, which is at all a parallel to the

federation of workmen which it is proposed to form. This is to be a union of all workmen; there is no federation in existence, or proposed, of all employers. The employers in the engineering trade are federated, so are the employers in the shipping trade. They are parallel in the one case to the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, which is national in its extent; and in the other to the Sailors and Firemen's Union, which is also national. Reaction is a law of human nature. When the Sailors and Firemen's Union was organized the shipowners thought they were being tried beyond the point of endurance. They retaliated by the formation of one of the most militant federations that exists either among employers or employed. Practically the Union went down before it. Similar influences have produced the Employers' Federation that is now fighting the working engineers. The lesson would seem to be that capital will stand a good deal for peace, and yield much for the sake of keeping the works going, but there comes a point when it will risk all to secure what it believes to be its rights or knows to be its necessities. Nevertheless there is no proposal to have a great federation of Capital against Labour on the lines of the federation of Labour against Capital proposed by the Congress, and let us hope there never will be.

THE ENGINEERING DISPUTE.

THE time has come for the impartial outsider to speak his mind plainly with regard to the disastrous dispute in the engineering trade. The injury that is being done to the nation as a whole by the dislocation of its greatest industry makes it no mere private question between the employers and the men, but one of national import. The Employers' Federation has certainly not strengthened its case by the ill-advised manifesto it has issued criticizing the financial position of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. It is not necessary to discuss whether the statements made in the manifesto are correct or not, though the secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers vigorously denies their accuracy. The point is that the finances of the Society are not the business of the employers at all, and the manifesto is a sign of weakness, inasmuch as it is evidently intended to brace up by the hope of a speedy victory the weak-kneed members of the Federation who are beginning to waver as they see order after order being given to foreign firms or to rival firms in England which are not involved in the dispute. What is of importance to the Employers' Federation is that it should justify its action in transforming what was at the beginning a purely local question into a national one. There can be no dispute that it is the employers who are primarily responsible for the extended area of the conflict. The London engineers demanded an eight hours' day. A large number of employers conceded it, but a few stood out against it. The Employers' Federation came to the help of these latter and locked out 25 per cent. of the members of the Engineers' Society employed by the Federation firms in the provinces. To this general declaration of war the Engineers' Society could not do otherwise than reply by the withdrawal of the other 75 per cent. Since then the Employers' Federation has been doing its utmost to increase the area of the dispute by persuading other firms to lock out the Union men, so that at the present time, although the provincial engineers have asked for nothing, there are, according to the latest official returns, 22,000 members of the Engineers' Society idle throughout the country, and with them 24,500 others, allied workers, labourers and non-Unionists. Yet what is it that the Employers' Federation wants? Does it want the London engineers to abandon their demand for an eight hours' day? That would be absurd, for in London the demand has practically been conceded by the employers, and in any case it is a matter for the London masters and men to settle between themselves without any interference from the provinces. Or is it the case, as some assert, that the Employers' Federation has merely seized the first opportunity that came its way to try and crush the power of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and to aim a blow at Trades-Unionism in

general? If the employers in the Federation have cohesion enough they may possibly succeed in doing this; but it will be at a tremendous cost not only to themselves but to the nation, for, whilst the protracted struggle goes on, foreign nations are gradually getting possession of our engineering trade. It is a curious fact, to be noted in passing, that the powerful firm which directs the policy of the Employers' Federation bears an unmistakable German name.

At present the outlook is not promising. Until it is known what are the exact demands of the Employers' Federation it is difficult to suggest any compromise. The men, on the other hand, are determined and confident. The 60,000 members of the Society who are still at work pay a levy of 4s. a week to its funds and considerable contributions are coming in from other trades, so that to provide the allowance for the men out of work the Society has not to draw on its accumulated funds for more than £10,000 a week. At this rate the struggle may be prolonged for months, and there is even the possibility of an extension of the dispute. A ballot of the members of the Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders' Society, another very powerful Union, has resulted in an overwhelming majority in favour of a forty-eight hours' week, and if, as seems probable from the result of the Conference at Carlisle on Thursday, the Federation of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades throw in their lot with the engineers the demand for an eight hours' day in these industries may become general throughout the country, instead of being confined to London, and the result would be a conflict which might imperil the very existence of the engineering industry. To avert such a crisis and to put an end to the present disastrous dispute is a matter of great moment, and it is to be hoped that a conference between the Employers' Federation and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers will be speedily brought about. The Union is said to be quite willing to meet the Federation and to talk over their differences, but the employers' attitude certainly gives some colour to the supposition that they will be content with nothing less than the complete submission of the men. Mr. William Mather, of the Salford Ironworks, has come forward and offered his services as mediator, but he is scarcely the right man. He writes and talks with that unctuous rectitude which seems an essential characteristic of the Radical employer, and in his case is the more prominent because he has adopted the eight hours' day in his own works with complete success. He makes, moreover, a suggestion for a compromise not likely to be agreeable to either side. This is that the employers should give way on the eight hours' question and that the Union should give way on the machine question. There is no doubt that there has been a good deal of vexatious interference with the conduct of engineering work on the part of the Unions in connection with the second matter, and if it were to cease one of the principal complaints of the Employers' Federation would be disposed of. The first step to a settlement of the dispute is, however, if the two parties cannot be brought to confer together, for both sides to cease talking at each other and, more especially in the case of the Employers' Federation, to state distinctly what are the conditions they demand for the cessation of hostilities. Only when this is done will it be possible to suggest a reasonable compromise.

THROUGH THE MÉDOC

THE old school of punning etymologists declared the origin of "Médoc" to be *in medio aquæ*, and, indeed, the district is a mid-water land. It is a triangle, sixty miles long, running northwards from a land-base of the thirty miles from Bordeaux to Arcachon. Its western side is the Atlantic shore, its eastern flank is washed by the Gironde, the noble estuary of the Garonne and Dordogne. The greater part of it is a low, sandy promontory, salted by the sea, blown on by the Atlantic winds, and steaming under an almost tropical sun. Stagnant marshes, where tall bulrushes fringe purple, oily pools, exhale miasma, and, where the little groves of pollarded, woolly acacias lure the traveller by their green cool shade, the air round his head vibrates with the "pings" of mosquitos, and the patient assiduity

of gad-flies drives him into the sun. The Atlantic shore is a sixty mile stretch of yellow sand swelling into dunes which are crusted with salt from the flying spray and set with grey-green, virulent thistles. Between the top of the dunes and the malarious flats there is a broad band of sea-pines, a pathless, interminable forest fringing the coast as mangroves fringe a tropical shore. Here is a congregation of all creatures that love an arid heat: lizards, grey and green, bask on the hot sand; huge grasshoppers chirrup unceasingly; and the fallen needles rustle as they are stirred by hurrying crowds of ants. It is a tract exquisitely odorous; the clean sweet smell of the sea lingers in the still air, and the burning sun distils aromatic essences from the exuding resins of the pines. Here, swung above the creeping things in a hammock, lulled by the gentle cadence of the beach, swathed in the spicy air as a mummy is swathed in odorous cloths, one dreams through long hours of healing silence. The sun and the air, the pines and the sea, conspire to give a half-sleep that is a long procession of fragrant dreams. Here is the proper temple of the goddess, burlesqued in the story of Circe, imaged obscurely in the doctrine of Nirvana—of the goddess who shall make us shed our tired sentience as a garment and let us sink back into metencephalic bliss.

The forest and the plains stretch down to the plantations of Arcachon, skirting the salt-water lakes of Hourtin, Lacanau and Arcachon. These placid lagoons are the lineal descendants of tidal pools, dammed up where the retreating waves have left ridges; but the ridges have grown into great sandhills, and the pools are miles across, and in their warm shallows oysters fatten under the shadow of the pines. The region of the plains which forms the greater part of the Médoc is a peaceful agricultural district. In the north, towards the apex of the triangle, it is exceedingly fertile; everywhere there are fields of maize and acres of tomatoes; everywhere little gardens with pumpkins and melons of incredible size; everywhere little orchards with trees weighed down by gigantic pears. Figs and peaches tempt you from every wall. Further south the land becomes more and more barren; the little gardens disappear; there are no fruit-trees and no acacias, and at the level of Bordeaux one reaches the barren "Landes." Here there is nothing but sandy wastes with heath and thistles, groves of black pines, and meagre patches of maize. Flocks of gaunt sheep browse on the exiguous pasture, and are tended by gaunter shepherds raised above the thistles on stilts.

As the seaward side of the Médoc is walled in by low sandhills, so the side turned to the Gironde is flanked by a band of rolling hills, from half a mile to four miles in width. These have been heaped up by the Garonne and the Dordogne, and are formed of water-worn pebbles, white and polished. No surface ever looked more sterile, but, when a band of hardened conglomerate a few feet below the surface has been broken through, there is reached an alluvial deposit always of great fertility, although its richness varies from yard to yard almost as rapidly as the soil of an alluvial goldfield. These low hills are the goldfields of the Médoc, for upon them grow the most famous vines of the world. The superficial pebbles absorb heat all day from the burning sun, and by morning are still warm; the roots, stretching many yards down, absorb the stored riches of past ages; and night and day, through the long summer, the berries swell, until in September they are ready for the press. This year, early in August, the grapes of Margaux were sweet, and the skins were beginning to redden. Right across the vineyards are stretched horizontal bars of wood or metal two feet from the ground and three apart. The gnarled stems of the vines, thick as a man's wrist, rise just above the pebbles, and the grape-bearing shoots are trained horizontally along the laths. The clean, unhedged fields, traversed by well-made roads and displaying monotonous ridges of green stuff, have the trim grace of a nursery garden; they have none of the bushy profusion of the vines of the Champagne or of the luxuriant trailing grace of the Sauterne. Little stone pillars at the edges of the fields bear such names as Château Margaux, Dufort

Margaux, Leoville-Barton, Beychevelle, and so forth, and the great châteaux of the vineyards, with their flower-set lawns, paved courtyards and colossal outbuildings, crown the summits of the little hills. The famous estates are small in area, and between them, on the poorer land, are the numberless little vineyards in which the peasant and bourgeois wines are grown. The whole strip of vine-growing land is set with little towns, some, like Pauillac, serving as ports from which wine is shipped, others like St. Julien and Cantenac lying back on the inward edge of the wine-land.

One may enter the Médoc in the straightforward way by train or by driving from Bordeaux; a little railway winds through the whole district and a national highway runs from Bordeaux through the central plains to the northern apex. But one discovers the remote semi-insular character of the district far better by stealing into it from the northern end. Standing on the pier at Royan you look out to the right on the tumbling waters of the Bay of Biscay. To the south-west, eight miles to seaward you see the tiered lighthouse of Cordouan, and slightly to the left of it the low woods of Le Verdon are just visible above the foam. A little steamer makes the ferry in forty minutes. But what minutes! The moment the nose of the little ship shoots beyond the pier a huge wave rolling in from the bay turns her round and sweeps her from stern to stem; if, with limbs unbroken, you reach the dark depths of the hold, you are tossed about like a pea in a bladder. On deck you sit on a railing bracing yourself grimly with hands and feet: only thoughtless, giddy holiday-makers succumb to nausea: a sober reflective man thinks of his past life and if it be true that the inshore sharks are harmless. The end comes as suddenly as the beginning: the nose of the boat shoots into safety, and a last wave, catching the stern, sends the steamer crashing against a pier. It is in the nature of things that so rough a barrier should divide two regions so strangely different. Royan, in the season, is a Margate of France: a large bustling place resounding with noisy pleasuring. At Le Verdon there is only the noise of the sea tumbling over the ruined boulders of ineffectual breakwaters. There are no roads, no houses, no railway, from the shed at the landing-place, and as you sit on the open cars, the unlopped branches of pines and walnuts sweep your head. Suddenly, in a primitive clearing that seems the last outpost of civilization, you find a railway station and the beginning of a great highway. Behind, and on either side of you, is the desolate raging sea: in front, broadening to the south, are the woods and the plains, the vineyards and castles of the Médoc. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

SOME DOUBTFUL BARONETCIES.

I CONGRATULATE the Windsor upon having omitted "Sir" Henry Alfred Stoddart De Burgh-Lawson and "Sir" James Swale. Burke very properly takes no notice of them; Debrett, equally properly, simply notes the claims as unauthorized. Dod, whilst saying that both are unproved, certainly concedes the style of a Baronet to both claimants. It happens that the two claims originated in a similar manner. The Lawson Baronetcy claimed is "Lawson of Brough, Yorkshire," created in 1665. This was believed to have become extinct in 1834, when the estates passed to William Wright, Esquire, who assumed the name of Lawson, and was created a Baronet in 1841. The old Baronetcy remained unclaimed until 1877, when it was assumed, together with the additional name of De Burgh, by Henry Lawson of Gatherley Castle, who enrolled a pedigree in the Court of Chancery, by which he attempted to show a descent from the youngest son of the first Baronet. Needless to say, no attempt to prove the pedigree officially was made, and it probably will not stand critical examination. Of course I presume it is known that at that time anybody could enrol any rubbish they chose in the Court of Chancery. The late General G. H. de S. N. Plantagenet Harrison was at the bottom of the business, and to most of those who have ever heard the General's name I think I need say no more. Two months later, in March 1877, the General had floated yet another claim, this time to the

Baronetcy of Swale, of Swale Hall, created 21 June, 1660. The title was supposed to have become extinct in 1733, when the direct line became extinct, the fourth and last Baronet dying in poverty. It remained absolutely unheard of and unclaimed for 144 years, when the General raked it up, and the Rev. John Swale assumed the title.

Another claim of a similar kind is that of "Sir" Harry Stapley to the Stapley Baronetcy, created in 1660 and believed to have become extinct in 1701 at the death of the first Baronet. From 1701 it was dormant until as recently as 1887, when it was assumed by the present claimant, without any proof being given of his descent. The first Baronet had one son, who predeceased his father without, as it had always been believed, any issue. It is now, however, stated by the claimant that the son, Herbert Stapley, left at his death several sons; but I know of no evidence to substantiate this. Another Baronetcy with two claimants is that of Cox, created in 1706 in the person of Sir Richard Cox, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland 1703 to 1707. At the death of Sir Francis Hawtrey Cox, twelfth Baronet, in 1873, the title was believed to have become extinct. But it was then assumed by Edmund Cox, who died in 1877, and in 1877 by his nephew, the present Rev. G. W. Cox, of Scrayingham. In 1877 another claimant arose in the person of Lieutenant-General John Hamilton Cox, C.B. His son, Captain Hawtrey Cox, did not assume the title at his father's death; and the clerical claimant was alone in his glory until last year, when in a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette" the Captain stated his intention of assuming the title. Neither claimant has proved any right to inherit, and the Windsor which plumps for the parson is the only Peerage which admits either of these claimants without a protest.

I congratulate Mr. Burke on the omission of "Sir" Edward Cludde Cockburn, who used to figure in Burke's Peerage. Dod and the Windsor fully admit the title. There is no known proof that any such Baronetcy was ever created. Nor is the relationship proved or apparent between "Sir" James, the fourth claimant, and "Sir" William, who claimed as fifth Baronet.

The Windsor is the only Peerage which admits without protest "Sir" Robert Symmons Clifton. Debrett says that this Baronetcy—created in 1611—was presumed to have become extinct in 1869. It was, however, assumed in 1883 by a Francis Clifton, and at his death in 1892 by his brother, Waller Clifton, who died in 1894, when their nephew Robert, the present claimant, assumed the title. Dod gives the interesting details that in 1869 "The Baronetcy then passed to the heir male of the fourth Baronet, who had had fifteen sons, but has been claimed by the present holder and his predecessors as descendants of the first Baronet, on the ground of the failure of the fourth Baronet's issue." Even the Windsor enters a modest little protest against "Sir" Henry Page Dick's Baronetcy: so does Dod. Burke ignores the claim, and Debrett simply gives it as a claim, adding, "although the style of a Baronet has been used by successive generations, there is not any record of a Baronetcy having been granted."

Sir Wyndham James Carmichael-Anstruther, Bart., is stated in Burke to be a Baronet of Nova Scotia (created 1694) and a Baronet of Great Britain (1798). Dod gives the same, with the exception of dating the Great Britain Baronetcy 1768 (at which date the first Baronet was only fifteen years old). The Windsor apparently has never heard of the latter Baronetcy, for it only mentions that of Nova Scotia 1694. Debrett again scores in this instance, for whilst duly conceding the 1798 creation, it only gives the other as a claim. As a matter of fact, whilst the 1798 creation and the right thereto is undoubted, of the 1694 creation Foster says "there seems to be no record or even indirect evidence." All the Peerages except Debrett admit "Sir Jacob Willem Gustaaf Boreel," but Debrett gives him only as a claimant. Courthope in his "Synopsis of the Extinct Baronetage of England in 1835," after naming the first Baronet, adds, "concerning whom nothing further is known." Even Debrett admits "Sir" William Broun of Colstoun, as do all the others. The baronetcy has, however, been questioned, for Foster relegated it to "chaos." It was unclaimed

for fifty-two years prior to 1826, and was then assumed upon a mere service of heirship. I shall try to show later how little this amounts to.

In the same way all the Peerages admit "Sir" John William Campbell of Ardnamurchan. The first Baronet, Sir Donald Campbell, was a bastard, consequently could have no heirs at all other than his own descendants. His son predeceased him. But it is "said" that the first Baronet resigned his Patent, and had the Baronetcy re-granted with remainder to his nephew George, the son of Sir John Campbell of Calder, from whom the present Baronet is stated to descend. No evidence can be produced of such resignation or re-grant, and the baronetcy was not claimed by the nephew in 1651 upon the death of the first Baronet. In fact, the title was unclaimed until 1804, a lapse of more than one hundred and fifty years.

Burke ignores the Baronetcy "Cumming of Culter," created 1695; Debrett only enters the present man as a claimant; Dod and the Windsor of course enter him as a full-fledged Baronet; whilst the former of these two adds the fact that the second Baronet was chief of the Cherokee Indians. The title was certainly unclaimed from 1839 to 1878, and perhaps from an earlier period; but it appears to have been assumed without proof or investigation and merely by means of an advertisement in the "Times."

All the Peerages include "Sir" Robert James Stuart Graham of Esk. The family have regularly claimed and used the title in spite of the fact that the third Baronet, Viscount Preston, was *attainted*, which attainder has never been reversed. But this family show up well as claimants; for, according to "The Complete Peerage," they assumed the Scottish Viscounty of Preston even after all the male issue of the first Viscount was extinct, and they also claimed the Earldom of Annandale.

"Sir" Frederick Harding Anson Hamilton of Silverton Hill is included in all the Peerages. The Baronetcy was said to have been created about 1646; but, as Foster says, "of this creation there seems to be no evidence." X.

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE KALAHARI.

SEVEN o'clock on a South African winter's morning. The sun has not long risen and the keen air, which at this season of the year invariably ushers in the dawn, has not yet yielded to the irresistible power of the sunlight. The land in this vast plateau country of the Northern Kalahari, high though it is—3,000 feet above sea-level—is wonderfully even. Day after day you trek across open grass plains and bush-clad flats, here and there thinly timbered with low giraffe acacia trees or stunted mopani, with somewhat the same feeling that you traverse the waveless, oil-like expanse of smooth ocean upon the equator. In these vast desert flats—the oxen and waggons creeping slowly along the sandy track—one may well feel as if becalmed upon the line itself, in the days when sails and not steam were relied upon. But here, at early morning, there is not the same sensation of weariness as upon the moist equator. The air is brilliant, translucent, keen, and wonderfully exhilarating. Already Nature is fully awake. Just amid that belt of bush, fringing the great grass plain yonder, you may see a big troop of guinea-fowl—nearly a hundred of them—searching busily for their breakfast, delving below the dry soil for those small bulbs in which they so greatly delight. Magnificent birds they are, heavier and stronger than their semi-domesticated brethren at home in England. Last night they drank as usual at a small desert pool hard by—the only water within a radius of fifty miles. Now and again, borne upon the clear air, you may catch the wonderfully sharp metallic note of these handsome game-birds, calling to one another as they feed along. They are great pedestrians; probably they will cover twenty miles of ground in the course of the day. Occasionally in their long rambles they will roost in some clump of trees far out in the dry desert and not return to water till the following evening. But the wanderer lost in these trackless and dangerous wilds may comfort himself with the thought that sooner or later, if he follow the spoor of a troop of guinea-fowl, it will bring him to water.

Half a mile beyond the guinea fowl is a solitary figure, that of a Masarwa Bushman, engaged upon precisely the same occupation as are the great speckled game birds—digging up bulbs as a food supply. These bulbs, small, round, and smooth, and of a sweet nutty flavour, are exactly the same as those for which the guinea fowl are searching so eagerly. They may be called the Bushman's bread, and, when game is scarce or hunting luck is out, they serve as a mainstay against utter starvation. The Bushman collects his bulbs in the shell of a tortoise, and presently will return to the protecting bush beneath which he and his family slept last night. After that he will perhaps visit a snare he set yesterday to entrap a duiker, one of the small antelopes of South Africa; or, failing the capture of the little buck, he may try to stalk a paauw with his bow and poisoned arrow, or follow the troop of guinea fowl on the off-chance of securing a head. Just now game of all kinds is hard to come at. There are hartebeest on the great plain yonder; but they are shy and suspicious, and desperately hard to circumvent with the feeble weapons of this desert nomad.

No great way from the Bushman, showing dark upon the pale yellow of the plain, are a couple of large birds standing high upon the legs. These great greyish-brown birds, their plumage strongly barred and mottled with black, notable for their handsome shape and carriage, white breasts and stomachs and crested heads, are the *paauw* of the Dutch colonists, the *kori* of the natives, the noblest bustards of the world. They are delicious eating and occasionally attain a weight of forty pounds or more. That splendid cock bird, pacing watchfully out there amid the pale grass, is an average specimen of his kind and would scale, probably, some twenty-eight or thirty pounds. When the gum runs from the thorny acacia bushes, the paauw eats greedily of that dainty, and puts on fat amazingly, so amazingly that when shot, as it sometimes is, in mid-air, it will, upon striking the ground, burst and break up of its own weight and over-plumpness, just like an over-ripe fruit.

But see, the bustards are alarmed, they run swiftly for a few paces, then squat; and then, spreading their wide wings, mount slowly upon the air and sweep off with steady yet swift flight to another part of the veldt. The cause of the bustards' departure is soon apparent. Three mounted hunters, two whites and a native after-ride, accompanied by a brace of Masarwa Bushmen, spooring for them on foot, have ridden to the edge of the bush, and the Englishmen with field-glasses to their eyes are now scanning the great plain in front of them. It is a typical South African plain this, about three miles wide by some four or five miles in length, bounded upon every hand by a dark line of bush. The long sundried grass, which everywhere masks its reddish soil, is of that pale straw-coloured hue to be found everywhere in the interior during the dry season of winter, when no rain falls for seven months on end. Day after day as the white hunter rides these huge level plains in search of game, the blinding dazzle of the oceans of pale yellow grass becomes, beneath the glare of the too ardent sun, infinitely wearisome and trying to the eyes.

Out upon the plain yonder are several scattered troops of game upon which the eyes and glasses of the hunters are now intently levelled, ranging from one group to the other with keen pleasure and anticipation. The Masarwas spoke truly enough. These are all hartebeests, and there are probably some seventy or eighty of them in number. Viewed at this distance with the naked eye, they look mere dark patches upon the sea of pale grass. Through the glasses you can distinguish the long faces, high withers, drooping quarters, and reddish colouring which tell you they are hartebeest, large antelopes, standing nearly five feet high at the humpy shoulders, which hold high rank among hunters as beasts of chase well-nigh unequalled in all Africa for fleetness and staying powers combined.

If you could approach yet more closely you would note the curious horns, strongly corrugated, and bending sharply back at an acute angle over the neck. You would note, too, the rich brown-bay coats of the antelopes, their extravagantly elongated heads,

narrow black faces, with the eyes set very high, somewhat angular appearance, and generally old-fashioned air.

Now the hunters spread out and advance down wind towards the game. Upon this bare plain, devoid as it is of cover, it is hopeless to attempt a stalk, and indeed at all times these wary and suspicious creatures are not easily to be approached on foot. It is not long before some of the hartebeest have got the hunters' wind. These, early alarmed, lose no time in cantering steadily off at a right angle, and are presently lost to sight. Still the hunters ride quietly on, kicking their nags along at brisk walking pace. More game move off, but still others are left. See, a fresh troop has taken alarm and now gallops for the right hand. But the mounted man on the extreme right at last sees his opportunity. He pushes his horse hard and succeeds in cutting off the troop, about ten in number, from the point they are making for—the selvage of bush yonder—and now the antelopes wheel round upon their tracks and race hard across the plain for the covert on the far side. Down wind they will not be driven, as their pursuers are well aware. At first in their slower paces the hartebeest seemed to move stiffly and with little freedom. That is a characteristic of theirs, and many a white man, seeing them thus for the first time, miscalls them in his ignorance sluggish and donkey-like. But watch a troop of hartebeest really alarmed and put to it. Few wild creatures of the world can live near them. No African hunting horse can run them down, as it can the eland, or sable antelope, or koodoo, or even the staunch, staying gemsbok. Getting their hind-legs well under them, and moving with wonderfully even, machine-like action, the hartebeests, now in full career, cover the grass plain at an amazing pace. That pace, too, they can sustain unabated for many a mile on end. In racing parlance, the hartebeest can stay for ever.

The middle mounted man now plies spurs and sjambok, and strives his hardest to cut off the flying troop. But the antelopes are too good for him. Seeing that he cannot get within hail, he pulls up suddenly, jumps off his horse, and fires a couple of shots. The distance, well over three hundred yards, is too great for accurate shooting, especially at the pace the game are travelling; the gunner, too, is blown from his gallop, and the bullets fly wide of the mark. But the rider on the extreme left has, meanwhile, taken in the whole situation, and he, too, has been pushing his nag across the line of the retreating game for all he is worth. So determined are the hartebeests on making their point and getting their heads up wind again, that he is enabled to succeed exactly as he had anticipated. Suddenly, realizing that they are outmanœuvred, the two leading antelopes pull up, instantly to be followed by a flurried halt of the whole troop. They stand thus, for thirty or forty brief seconds, within a hundred and fifty yards. That flurried halt is enough for the white hunter, who has meanwhile dismounted. He takes a quick but steady aim, draws a deep breath, and pulls trigger. The bullet flies true and smacks loudly upon the nearest hartebeest, a dark bay bull; and the antelope drops on to his knees, stricken behind the shoulder. He recovers himself and struggles, gallant beast, to keep his place with the rest of the troop, now, at the report of the rifle, startled into flight again. Meanwhile the hunter has crammed another cartridge into his single barrel, sprung to the saddle, and flies after the troop. The bull is badly hit, he lags perceptibly, and, by the time his fellows have made good their point and reached the bush in front, he stands again. The hunter gallops up and, once more dismounting, with another bullet at sixty yards finishes his task. Knee-haltering his horse and removing the saddle and bridle, he now wipes the sweat from his brow, lights a welcome pipe, and sits down by the dead hartebeest. In five minutes the other mounted men ride up; the eager Bushmen shortly follow them; and the skinning operations are begun. Already the vultures, those undertakers of the desert, are dropping down, as if called by magic from the vast hollow of the pale blue dome above.

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE CONTENTIOUS MARK.

THE appearance of the Blue-book containing the evidence given before the Merchandise Marks Committee and the Committee's Report has naturally been the occasion for a grievous outpouring of the Cobdenite spirit. The foundation of the criticisms is an assumption that the Merchandise Marks Act has proved a complete failure. The assumption is unsupported by the weight of the evidence. Importers of foreign goods and persons of that kind have objected to the mark which the Act instituted, and it was not expected that they would take any other view. The Act was not passed to protect them in their endeavour to foist upon consumers foreign goods as English. The Act was passed directly in the interest of the consumer, in order that he might not buy unawares a foreign article, usually cheaper and sometimes nastier than its English equivalent, whilst paying for it an English price; and further, the Act was designed indirectly to protect the British manufacturer, and the British manufacturers as a body are perfectly well satisfied with its operation so far as it extends. Their ground of complaint—and it is also the consumers' ground of complaint—is that the Act does not go far enough. Foreign goods which have upon them a label or designation calculated to induce in the purchaser's mind a belief that they are of English origin have to be stamped with the country of origin before they are admitted into English ports. But a large number of imports arrive in this country without any such label as necessitates the addition of the country of origin stamp under the Act. And in respect of these the Merchandise Marks Act gives no protection to the British consumer or the British producer. It is, therefore, arbitrary and even partial in its operations, and to that extent it undoubtedly is a failure. It is also a failure in that it allows packing cases to be marked instead of the actual goods, thus protecting the shopkeeper only, which is not at all what is desired. But it is not the failure of the Act in these directions which exercises the Radical Press. They do not desire to see the Act strengthened: they want it abolished; and therefore they calmly assert that the Act, where it is enforced, has failed to protect the consumer because the consumer does not care a rap whether the article he purchases is made in England or made in Germany, and that for the same reason it has failed to benefit the British manufacturer. But these critics lose sight of the essential fact that foreign-made goods are nearly always cheaper, and still in not a few cases nastier than the like English goods, and that therefore the stigma of the foreign label does protect the consumer in two ways. If his sole object is to buy cheaply, then it acquaints him with the fact (of which he would probably otherwise be in ignorance) that his purchase belongs to the cheaper foreign variety, and that therefore the shopkeeper cannot demand the usual English price for it. Or, if the consumer's object be quality rather than cheapness at all costs, he is advised of the fact that the article offered him is of foreign make, and therefore in many cases likely to be of inferior quality; he consequently demands the English article of superior quality, and so benefits the English producer.

Another and very instructive element in the Liberal criticisms on the Report is the reiterated assertion that honesty has been proved not to be the best policy, and that honesty should be abandoned. They profess an immoral zeal for the shopkeepers' welfare. They contend that England's middleman trade is leaving her because under the Act the London merchants who supply foreign and Colonial markets are no longer able, when supplying those markets with goods of foreign manufacture, to palm them off as English-made goods. These foreigners and Colonials, say the critics, now know the real origin of many of the articles they hitherto imagined to be British, and they naturally ask themselves, Why should we pay the English middleman's price; why should we not go to the German or the Belgian direct for these articles? And (so the apologists of the New Dishonesty assert) the foreigners and the Colonials are making practical answer to these questions by getting their foreign goods direct from the foreign countries instead of through the medium of the

English middleman. There is doubtless a basis of fact in this argument; but it is not so universally valid as the critics imagine. For the decline of London's *entrepôt* trade is due to many causes besides the Merchandise Marks Act. The excessively high charges at the London Docks are in no small measure responsible, and other factors of weight are the natural growth of such cheap ports as Hamburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam, owing to the development of Continental industrialism, aided by the European States' system of export bounties and subsidies of various kinds to railway and shipping freights.

There is yet another curious characteristic of the criticisms on the Merchandise Marks Report. Having assumed the failure of the mark to help British manufacture, this failure is treated as a conclusive argument against Protection. But surely such a failure is a conclusive argument in favour of Protection! The Government which gave us the Act had not the courage to institute a protective tariff; it hoped to alleviate the English manufacturers' need by ordaining that, though foreign commodities should still have free access to English ports, they should nevertheless declare, by means of the country of origin stamp, that they were not really British goods, in all cases where, owing to the nature of the label, they were liable to be mistaken for British goods. Now, if this enactment has not succeeded in diminishing the stress of foreign competition—and an examination of import statistics since 1887 proves clearly enough that any success the Act may have had has been very partial—it follows, not that Protection is a failure (for a protective tariff has not been tried), but that we are thrown back upon the protective tariff as a remedy. Had the Merchandise Marks Act abolished, or effectively curtailed, foreign competition, then the Free Importers would have had some show of reason for objecting to the imposition of tariff duties.

At the conclusion of the Report the Committee recommend "that no opportunity should be lost of inducing foreign Governments to legislate on the lines of the Merchandise Marks Act and in the spirit of the Industrial Property Convention." In practice it is found that the efficient marking of foreign goods and the consequent checking of dishonesty require the aid of the Government in the country of exportation as well as in that of importation. The Committee's suggestion therefore is opportune, and it is especially opportune just now, when England is about to negotiate new commercial treaties with Belgium and Germany, the countries with which we are mainly concerned in this matter. The negotiators of the new treaties should be careful to insist on the insertion of clauses in the sense suggested by the Committee. As Belgium is a party to the Industrial Property Convention there should be no difficulty with her Government. Germany was not a party to the Convention, but Lord Salisbury should take particular care that she now becomes a party to England's efforts to stop fraud.

One criticism upon the Report. The Committee, at the instigation of the London Middlemen's representative, Sir Albert Rollit, have suggested the substitution for the country of origin stamp of a stamp simply declaring that the article was "made abroad." This proposal would diminish the protection of the consumer. Silk goods, for instance, when made in France are not objectionable in point of quality, and command a good price. When made in Germany they are less fitted to adorn a lady than a lady's maid. The stamp should discriminate.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

THE DECAY OF NOTTINGHAM.

AN instructive example of the way in which British manufactures are killed by the combined effects of foreign competition and internal dissension is afforded by the case of Nottingham. This town was the pioneer of the machine-made lace and hosiery industry, and though it owed something to French inventive genius, the better part of its old pre-eminence was due entirely to English and especially local effort. During recent years the spread of manufacture in Germany, France, and Switzerland has injured the trade of the town. Though the demand for lace is fitful, certain varieties

always sell well, and the consumption has increased during recent years. There is no uncertainty whatever in the demand for hosiery. The consumption of the numerous items included under this head is very great and is always increasing. In spite of the initial advantage obtained by Nottingham in lace, and by Nottingham in conjunction with Leicester and the out-townships in hosiery, and in spite, also, of the excellent reputation which these centres of production have secured for their wares, their exports are decreasing, and foreign goods have also caused a diminution in the quantity supplied to the home trade. In 1884, when exports reached their highest, the value of the cotton lace and patent net sent abroad was £2,452,556; of silk lace, £171,762; and of cotton hosiery, £1,080,000. For 1890 the respective values were £2,046,847, £211,476, and £663,992; and for 1896, £2,048,822, £163,016, and £458,987. During the last three years fashion has been unusually kind to laces—to the so-called Valenciennes, Oriental, guipure, Chantilly, Brussels, Mechlin, and all the rest of the machine-made sorts, which have now to all intents and purposes driven the hand-made varieties off the face of the earth. But it will be apparent from the figures we have quoted that Nottingham has enjoyed no very handsome share of the increased demand resulting therefrom. The main point, however, to which we would draw attention is that, whereas the consumption in Europe, America, and elsewhere has probably doubled since 1884, our exports of cotton lace have decreased by over £400,000. The falling off in hosiery is still more remarkable; last year's total (which was higher than in any of the three preceding years) was less than half that of 1884. It is true that both lace and hosiery make up a relatively small proportion of our annual shipments of all textiles; but, on the other hand, they are established industries upon which the prosperity of not a few districts depends, and we fail to see any sufficient reason why they should decay in the face of an increasing demand both at home and abroad.

The heavy decline in hosiery shipments is referable in some measure to the partial loss of American business consequent for one thing upon the spread of manufacture in that country, and, for another, upon the steady hold which German wares have obtained there. The only goods which the United States take from us now are a few specialties, and even in these we are rapidly being displaced by France. The value of the "knit goods" imported into America during the last fiscal year was \$6,250,000. Our contribution towards this was \$220,000, while that of Germany was \$5,500,000. In the American market we show to more advantage in lace than in hosiery. Last year we sent there laces to the value of \$2,500,000, against \$1,220,000 for Germany and \$1,250,000 for France. But even in this commodity we were left far behind by Switzerland, whose share was \$5,750,000, or more than half of the total import. It is much the same in regard to our position in the markets of the Continent. Paris, Vienna and Berlin come to us for specialties, which constitute a very small proportion of our whole output; but the demand for ordinary grade goods is more than met by Plauen, St. Gall and the other manufacturing centres. Were space available, it might be interesting to trace the recent progress of these foreign producers. Certainly their advance has been considerable, and not the least disquieting feature of the situation for us is the inroads they have been enabled to make in our own home market. The Board of Trade returns give us no data upon which we may work in obtaining a definite notion of the extent of this competition; but the distributing warehouses of London and Manchester are filled with foreign goods. Longer hours of work, lower rates of pay, and cheap transport facilities, are among the important factors which have rendered this competition possible on English ground. The most important element of all, however, is the general superiority of foreign designs over English. Quality for quality, there may or may not be much to choose between the two; but the English designers are quite content year after year to weave their fancies round the old stock patterns. They lack imagination and their employers hate initiative. The Frenchman and the Swiss are free from both these failings; the

German gets over his lack of imagination by employing a French designer. The foreigner, in fact, strives to please by the introduction of novelties which are always striking and not infrequently beautiful. This is especially the case with curtains, the design of which offers more scope for display and effect than millinery laces; and it is notorious that the Nottingham houses which still command a fair share of the lace curtain trade are those that employ French designers. Another force alluded to in the opening lines of this article, which is contributing to the death of Nottingham as a manufacturing centre, is the high rate of wages that prevails and the attitude of the lace makers' Union. We are not going to discuss the causes of the frequent troubles between this society and the employers, but that the claims of the former are intolerable in the present condition of the trade seems clear from the migration of a number of firms to districts outside its influence. One firm decided the other day to remove all its machinery to Scotland—where, by the way, there is already a considerable colony of lace makers who have succeeded in running away with some of the business that formerly belonged to Nottingham. By carrying on production under more favourable conditions, our manufacturers may be enabled to preserve in the country the remnant of their business, and Nottingham's loss may prove to be the country's gain. This is the only consolation which the situation has to offer.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE position occupied by the Bank of England at the present time is delightful for that institution but unpleasant for the market generally. As each Thursday approaches, the question goes round, "Will the Bank directors raise the standard rate?" But so far these gentlemen have not done so, with the result that discounters have had to go to the Bank itself, as some have said, in self-defence. There was a distinct easing of rates during the week, three months bank paper having been easily arranged at 2 per cent. and that for six months' date at 2½. Short loans were advanced at about ½ per cent. The Bank Return on Thursday showed some marked and noteworthy changes. The "other" securities increased by £489,390 owing to the taking of discount business to the Bank. The proportion of reserve to liabilities fell 0.29 per cent., to 51.71 per cent.

Consols showed very little fluctuation during the week, and the closing prices on Thursday—111½ for money and 111½ for the October account—were merely the turn of the market easier than at Saturday's closing. Among Foreign Government securities Brazilians fell, the 1889 having marked a decline of 1¼ at 65¼. Argentines were also weak, the 1886 bonds at 89¼ and the Funding Loan at 86¼ having lost ¾ down in each case. Turkish descriptions rose last Saturday, but relapsed partially during the week.

Thanks to the sensationalism of the "Times," there has been quite a heated interest in the Bank of England this week. A few days ago the leading English newspaper delivered itself of a violent article directed against the Governor of the Bank of England, according to which that gentleman was actually coquetting with bimetallism, a most wicked proceeding in the opinion of all well-balanced and unimaginative financial writers. But at Thursday's meeting the Governor condescended to explain matters, certainly in a very dignified and haughty manner, but still sufficiently clearly to make the "Times" look rather small. It appeared that he had been consulted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to what the Bank would be prepared to do to facilitate arrangements under which the mints of France and the United States might be reopened to the free coinage of silver as legal tender. The Governor replied that the Bank would be willing to hold in silver such part of the reserve as was specified by the Act of 1884. Surely the whole proceeding was quite legitimate, and the hysterical outburst of the "Times" very stupid.

The Home Railway department remained dull and lifeless, the market being handicapped by the Engineering strike. On Thursday the North British dividend, at the rate of £1 per cent. with £4,000 carried forward—exactly the same as last year—was received with unconcern. Changes on Thursday were practically confined to a gain of $\frac{1}{2}$ in Midland at 179, and falls of $\frac{1}{4}$ in Berwicks at 172 $\frac{1}{2}$ and of $\frac{1}{8}$ in Berthas at 176 $\frac{3}{4}$.

American Railway securities continued to boom and business showed decided broadening. A correspondent wrote us a letter using somewhat strong and aggressive language with reference to our warning in last week's issue to those inclined to take the "bear" tack. In view of the substantial advance that took place in the more active stocks between Saturday last and Thursday, it would seem that this quarrelsome correspondent would have done better listening to advice than writing impertinent letters. As we pointed out last week, fluctuations in this department are so vast that it would be absurd to go into too much detail at the time of writing. Suffice to say that on Thursday afternoon Central Pacific at 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ had risen nearly three dollars, whilst Union Pacific at 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ were nearly four dollars to the good. New York Central at 118 had put on 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Ontarios at 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ and Pennsylvanias at 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ were each two dollars higher than at last Saturday's closing. Trunks were in demand, the Guaranteed having advanced 3 at 68 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Firsts 2 at 50 $\frac{1}{2}$. Among Foreign Rails a good deal of interest was paid to Ottomans, which rose 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ at 18.

The South African Mining Market was far more interesting during the current week than in the dreary nineteen-day account. Saturday was contango day, and revealed shortage of shares, with the inevitable result that rates in most cases dwindled. Rand Mines, however, maintained 10 per cent., whilst on Chartered shares as much as 4d. per share was charged. The only item of special interest during the day was an extraordinarily worded Reuter's telegram, which stated that the financial condition at Johannesburg was critical, that a public meeting had been called, and other astonishing revelations, of which the market did not deem it necessary to take note. Monday was rendered a day of good cheer by the announcement that the Rand output for August was 259,602 ozs., 17,000 ozs. more than last month, and 9,000 ozs. above the record. Prices went up all along the line, but it was purely a jobber's market, the public having held off throughout the week. The Robinson Banking Company published a message on Tuesday to the effect that Kafir workers were returning to the mines, that future returns would show a great improvement, and that the reforms would be granted almost immediately, all of which tended to maintain prices. The next day the same show of strength was preserved until Paris sent over selling orders during the latter part of the afternoon, when prices gave way all along the line. On Thursday the market was dull throughout the day. On balance Rand Mines showed an improvement of $\frac{1}{8}$ at 31 $\frac{3}{8}$, whilst Chartered at 31 $\frac{1}{8}$ and one or two others showed slight advances.

Ferreiras have stood with remarkable steadiness at about 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ since the beginning of the month, though in common with many other shares they drooped slightly on Thursday. At their present price they remain, however, one of the cheapest lots on the market. At the present rate of profit on working, the mine is earning an actual dividend of close upon 400 per cent., equal to a gross return of 20 per cent. to the investors at the present market price. If the life of the mine is taken at the lowest estimate of twelve years, the real market value of the shares on a 6 per cent. basis, after allowing for amortization, is more than double the present market price; and if the more probable estimate of seventeen years of life is taken, their value is of course proportionately greater. It is one of the mysteries of the South African Market that these shares should stick at 20 or 21, whilst other shares like Bonanzas have already reached their top value. When the next boom comes along, Ferreiras are likely to go up with a rush. It is not as if the present profits of the mine were abnormal.

They have been constant at their present amount for the past twelve months, and with any further reduction in the working expenses the profits will mount still higher.

The Crown Deep, the second of the deep level mines to commence crushing, has, contrary to expectation, declared its output for August, which amounts to 5,496 ounces, the proportion from cyanide being unusually large. In some quarters this first result is considered unsatisfactory, and it is somewhat odd that the number of tons of ore treated is not given. On the whole, however, considering that a good deal of gold is absorbed by new plant on first starting, and that the yield can be hypothetically estimated at about 12 dwts. per ton, the prospects of the Crown Deep mine look sufficiently rosy. Geldenhuis Deep, which is making a profit of £15,000 a month, only averages about 11 dwts. per ton.

The "Standard and Diggers' News" has made an interesting investigation into the amount of the reduction of working expenses in the Rand mines which will result if the recommendations of the Industrial Commission are carried out. Of course, the reduction due to some of the reforms recommended, such as the encouragement of agriculture, the reform of the Liquor Law, and the abolition of transit dues and import duties on food-stuffs, cannot be estimated accurately in cash, though they will appreciably lower the cost of both white and black labour. But in the case of the abolition of the dynamite monopoly and the reduction in railway rates the amount of the saving effected can be fairly calculated. After making due allowance for the various factors it is estimated that the reduction may be equal to as much as 5s. per ton of ore milled, or at a safe estimate certainly to 3s. 6d. per ton. This is equal to an increase of nearly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. per ton in the yield of the ore; and, whilst it would make only a small difference to rich mines like the Ferreira and Robinson, it would probably turn ten or fifteen per cent. of the unprofitable mines on the Rand into profit-earners. This is a sober estimate of the possible effect of the reforms, and it is very different from the inflated language one hears used sometimes, from which one might suppose that all the unprofitable mines on the Rand were going to start paying dividends as soon as the Transvaal Government carries out the recommendations of the Commission.

The reports of the statements made by President Kruger to two deputations which waited upon him last Monday remove the last vestige of doubt, if any previously existed, that the recommendations of the Industrial Commission will shortly be carried out, if not in their entirety at least in their more important features. The one thing the President does not intend to agree to is the proposal respecting the Mining Board, but this is not one of the matters which will affect the working costs of the Rand mines. No doubt when the reforms are actually carried into effect there will be some movement in the South African Market, but as a matter of fact the saving has already been discounted in the market in most cases to its full extent. The one effect they will undoubtedly have will be to give heart to the promoters of wild-cat schemes, and a number of worthless concerns to which no number of reforms could ever give any value will be unblushingly puffed and foisted upon the public.

In the Westralian Mining Market business was quiet but the tone good; excellent news from the mines, buying by Adelaide, and the very satisfactory output for August published by the West Australian Chamber of Mines, all helped to keep matters cheerful. The output showed a total of 45,390 ozs. of gold for 26,214 tons of ore dealt with. This is 2,624 ounces above the previous record. Golden Horseshoes at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ showed a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, after having touched 4 $\frac{1}{4}$. It was known on Saturday that the Horseshoe Company had 1,182 ozs. for 272 tons crushed. Great Boulders at 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ on Thursday night showed a further advance since the previous Friday, the new strikes and good crushing returns all helping these shares. A rise of 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ at 51 $\frac{1}{8}$ was marked in Hannan's Brownhill at the close on Thursday, these having continued in demand on the

news of 1,555 ozs. of gold obtained from 258 tons sent to the smelters. Lake View Consols at 8½ were ½ up, whilst Bottomley shares such as Associateds and Joint Stocks were all put up a trifle.

The Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, has been interviewed on the subject of Yukon. Mr. Mackintosh is at present in England, having left Canada suffering from sciatica, of which he hopes to be cured in the Old Country. He is enthusiastic to a degree about the latest gold district, and says that when it is developed people will rub their eyes, that other Colonies have all had their turn, and are by no means played out, but that now Klondyke is going to take her share. It is all very gratifying, but Mr. Mackintosh is a little indefinite and vague, like others who have expressed opinions on the same subject. There are only three things that we seem to be able to make sure about regarding Klondyke—the presence of gold, the terrible difficulties of living, and the complete failure of most of the Companies floated in England to draw adequate subscriptions.

Most of us were under the impression that the Nitrate bomb had exploded a number of months ago! But it appears that we were mistaken. Previous turmoils were merely a matter of fizzing, and the explosion took place on Tuesday last. There have been Company meetings in the past of a more exciting character, but viewed from all sides Tuesday's gathering was quite the most remarkable we have witnessed. This does not refer to the uproar, which is too common a characteristic of Nitrate Railway meetings to cause much comment. It was the complete change of front; the hopeless collapse of Mr. Herbert Allen, and the inexplicable development of affairs in favour of views hitherto believed to have been held by only a minority, that made Tuesday's meeting so remarkable.

That Mr. Allen until the last moment believed his position to be secure was obvious. Throughout the meeting his one war-cry was "Poll." He got his poll, with the result that he found himself hopelessly beaten. But we have seen too much of this gentleman's persistence in the past to believe that he will sit down quietly under his defeat. On the contrary, we understand that he has already expressed an intention to carry on the war. He will be very foolish to adopt any such policy, and should realise that he has been his own executioner.

The whole affair bears out our constant contention during the last few weeks. Mr. Allen began well. He, more than anybody, was responsible for the healthy agitation against the old Board. He made himself master of the affairs of the Company, with indefatigable energy he rallied the shareholders against the muddling mismanagement of the old directors, and he was the vital element that lent success to the agitation. So far Mr. Allen's part in the affair calls for nothing but praise. But he went too far. By the suggestion of a new Board, practically under the control of himself and a couple of foreign directors, he lent himself, rightly or wrongly, to the insinuation of selfish motives. He apparently had not the wit to see the weakness of such a position in a patriot. Having filled his pail of milk he promptly kicked it over, and now apparently contemplates floundering in the mess.

Employers and operatives in the cotton-weaving districts of Lancashire are face to face with another crisis, and we are threatened as a consequence with a wholesale stoppage of production. By reason of bad trade the employers in the Burnley district have revived the demand of February last for a reduction of wages, and the workers have resisted the demand. Unless some mutual basis of agreement can be agreed upon, practically all the looms in the Burnley district will shortly be stopped, and the unhappy result will be the spreading of the disaffection throughout the whole of North and North-East Lancashire. As to the cause of this particular spell of bad trade even Lancashire has given over deluding itself about it. These districts manufacture almost entirely for foreign consumption.

It is now admitted that manufacturers who depend largely on the India, the South America, and the China trade have been inimically influenced, on the one hand, by the famine and other troubles, and on the other by the great development of cotton manufacture in Japan and China. The capacity of production at home and abroad is, in fact, more than equal to the demand, and naturally Lancashire suffers. For all that, the number of spindles and looms in the country is being steadily augmented.

Out of the mass of figures, badly grouped, which makes up the Report of the Labour Department on the changes in wages and hours of labour during 1896, we gather one or two salient facts. The average weekly rise was 10½d., equal to nearly £27,000 per week, and the actual number of individuals whose wages were raised was 382,225. It is interesting to note, in view of the present strike, that general advances took place in all the engineering and shipbuilding centres of the United Kingdom. In the matter of hours, we learn further that there was a respectable increase in the number of workpeople whose hours of labour were reported to have been reduced to forty-eight per week. If we include the cases reported of the adoption of the eight-hours day for seven days per week, the total increase for the year was 1,488. These figures tell their own tale of improvement in working conditions in British industries. We only wish the Commissioners would aim at more lucidity in their presentment.

The principal articles of import into China continue to be cotton yarns and piece goods; and in this connexion we may refer to the steps that are being made to establish cotton mills in China itself. The number of spindles now running in Shanghai is 204,000, and in other parts of the country 274,000, making 478,000 in all. But when the mills under construction are completed, the total will be close upon 800,000. These figures do not, however, imply any menace to Lancashire. The Chinese mills are turning out only the coarser counts of yarn which enter into competition with the goods imported in large quantities from Bombay and in small but increasing quantities from Japan. Sir Claude M. Macdonald, like most of us, entertains a good opinion of the future of this infant industry. "With all its advantages of cheap labour, market, and supplies," he says, "the manufacture should, always supposing that it is not strangled by excessive taxation, have a great future before it." Whether its success will be altogether to the interest of British commerce is a doubtful question; but any increase in the commercial prosperity of the country would of necessity lead to an expansion of its general trade, and in this the British Empire might count upon its usual predominating share.

The many who know not the meaning of the word "Bimetallism" will do well to read Mr. J. H. Hallard's elementary treatise on the subject. Those who do understand the meaning of the word are either dreamy theorists or bigoted men of business, and these, too, will do well to read Mr. Hallard's work. It is a small book—scarcely more than a pamphlet—consisting of little over one hundred pages of large type. It is thoroughly elementary in some respects, but being the only essay dealing with the subject in that particular manner, it is especially valuable for its simplicity.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

AN INGENUOUS PUFF.

"SIR (or MADAME).—I have just returned from a holiday, and find a mass of correspondence and inquiries with reference to the Mount Lyell Copper Mines of Tasmania." Thus began a letter signed by one James Crotty, which appeared in the advertising columns of all the leading financial papers during the early part of the week. The letter goes on to state that Mr. Crotty is physically incapable of personally answering all this rush of correspondence, and begs that the notice in the press will be accepted instead. The letter then proceeds to puff certain Mount Lyell properties and

refer readers to an out-of-date interview that appeared in the "Mining World" as far back as 24 July. Needless to say, the interview is all in praise of Mount Lyell; and when we consider that, together with the letter, it takes up about a column and a half of an ordinary morning newspaper, that many hundreds of pounds must have been spent in advertising, and that the "Mining World" itself is the property of a fairly respectable "bucket shop," we conclude that there is more in this would-be ingenuous advertisement than meets the eye.

It is impossible to believe that Mr. Crotty's correspondence was so great as to necessitate all this reckless expenditure, this philanthropic desire to initiate the public into the virtues of Mount Lyell at private expense. Indeed, the only motive that ever prompts floods of correspondence such as this is said to have been nervousness on the part of shareholders regarding the position of their company. It is possible that it is so in the present instance, in which case shareholders are not likely to be pacified with the reproduction of a vague interview two months old. The whole business looks very suggestive. Is it all part of an organized attempt to rig the market? As most people know, Mount Lyells form a small and cliquey market, and one that would be an excellent object for engineering of this kind. We have spoken kindly of Mount Lyell shares in the past, but if there is to be any "rigging" in the price we can only advise investors to leave them severely alone. Rigs benefit those inside the "ring" at the expense of the general public.

SWEETS FOR INVESTORS.

Icke and Sharp, Limited, is to be an amalgamation of sweet-stuff factories. The businesses hail from Birmingham and Wolverhampton. We are given to understand in the prospectus that both firms have been doing an extensive business, and are well known throughout Britain. In face of so deliberate a statement, one must blush to acknowledge ignorance until now of either Messrs. Icke or Messrs. Sharp. The prospectus gives us to understand that the businesses are flourishing. But no reason is given for this sudden and generous desire to invite the public to share in the profits. Businesses are not turned into companies out of mere charity and generosity to the public. An adequate reason for the conversion should accompany all self-respecting prospectuses, especially in the present case, where profits for the last three years are all jumbled together and certified without detail or distinction. Whether Messrs. Icke have been making profits and Messrs. Sharp have been standing still, or vice versa, or whether one has been progressing and the other declining we are not told. Details often reveal much that is explanatory if unpleasant, but jumbling is the resort of jugglers. As the vendors are asking £74,530 for their confectionery businesses, it is only just that a little more light should be thrown on the state of their trade. Until this is done it would be superfluous to criticise the prospectus further.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED (P. R., Kensington).—You would be foolish to change these shares for those you mention.

HUDSON'S BAY (ENQUIRER, Hyde Park Gate).—The rise in these shares is due to the Klondyke and British Columbian boom. The Company hold much of the coveted property, have agents appointed, and are in a position to control much of the trade.

LEAMINGTON CYCLE COMPANY (INDIGNANT).—This is the same Mr. John Fell to whom you refer. He has had a varied and chequered career as regards company matters.

DUNLOPS (BARRISTER, Belsize Park).—You will see that there has been a recovery in the price since you wrote your letter.

MASHONALAND RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED (F. W., Hampstead).—These debentures are guaranteed by the Chartered Company. That is about their only attraction, and you had better use your own discretion.

CLYDE (B. W., Torquay).—The article in question appeared the week before last. We agree with you in your contention as to the scandal of the old directors purchasing for shareholders a property for £45,000 which they re-sell for 12,500 £1 shares.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 September, 1897.

SIR,—Could you prevail on our Knights of the Cane, Messrs. Charles W. F. Craufurd and H. W. Wilson, to be a little more explicit as to what their actual opinions are on this subject? I gather from their letters that they are self-consistent on one point only: namely, that the punishment of an offender is a piece of retaliation pure and simple and must be judged as such. This view is very generally entertained by intelligent elephants. Among civilized men it need not be further discussed.

Mr. Craufurd quotes, as a conclusive refutation of my assertion that discipline can be maintained without cruelty, the remark of the French admiral a few weeks ago: "I cannot understand how it is that your officers can play cricket with the men, and yet preserve discipline." What the French admiral could not understand is precisely what Mr. Craufurd cannot understand. What he meant was that if the French officers were to play cricket with their men, necessary discipline could not be maintained in the French navy. What Mr. Craufurd means is that if officers were to stop flogging their crews, necessary discipline could not be maintained in the British navy. Mr. Craufurd can see the folly of the French admiral's error. He holds it up to insular contempt, and in the same breath offers it as an unanswerable refutation of me. This shows that Mr. Craufurd is not, on this subject, a brilliantly lucid thinker.

Mr. Wilson says, "To send these boys to prison instead of awarding them a few cuts with the cane is the cruellest of mercies." After explaining that the mercy in question is not to the boys, but to the shipmates on whom their work would fall if they were imprisoned, he adds: "I am aware that the two 'Royal Sovereign' culprits have been dismissed the service, in addition to the punishment of caning or imprisonment [Mr. Wilson should have written caning *and* imprisonment] awarded." Precisely. He is aware that his argument does not apply. Then why does he apply it?

Mr. Wilson caps Mr. Craufurd's French admiral with a French general. This warrior has told us that democratic ideas of equality are one of the chief difficulties in the French army. An English general would have added that the army was going to the dogs. The remark is old enough to have become the totem of the particular grade of intelligence and humanity which Mr. Wilson has come forward to defend.

Mr. Wilson attributes the French naval defeats of 1793-1815 to discipline democratically undermined by the Revolution and confronted by "a squadron beaten into shape by the iron discipline and severity of St. Vincent." The theory that it was the cat-o'-nine tails of St. Vincent instead of the genius of Nelson that won the Nile and Trafalgar would be more convincing if it accounted with equal neatness for the defeat of Prussian, Austrian, and Russian discipline during the same period by the French troops led by Napoleon, whose soldiers cursed him openly when their luck was bad.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Craufurd agree in maintaining, first, that our sailors are never corporally punished, and that it is a wicked and hysterical libel to say that they are; second, that discipline cannot be maintained in the fleet without corporal punishment; third, that the boys recently flogged for so heinous an offence as striking an officer richly deserved the pain they suffered; and fourthly, that the flogging hurts them so little that they would hardly suffer more if they were birched at Eton. I should myself be guilty of inclemency if this chain of reasoning inspired me with any sentiment but one of pity. Of my inclination to laugh I am ashamed.

Mr. Craufurd is specially indignant with me for attacking naval captains who cannot defend themselves. I am aware that they cannot defend themselves, their conduct being indefensible; but if Mr. Craufurd thinks that they are not as free to write letters to the press as I am, he must be even a more innocent gentleman than the rest of his letter suggests.

The "Times" has no more active correspondents than our commanders of the Royal Navy, whose exceptionally well ventilated views on every subject, from coaling stations to Imperial Federation, have created a distinct public opinion as to the value of quarter deck publicism. But I would ask Mr. Craufurd what he would think of me if I objected to his letter on the ground that he is attacking young seamen who are much more effectually precluded from replying to him than any captain. He would probably form an estimate of my intelligence deeply wounding to my vanity. Nevertheless the point was worth notice—on my side. The fact that courts-martial will not bear the publicity which attends every step of civil criminal procedure is one of the heaviest counts against them. It is monstrous that degradation, ruin, and physical cruelty should be inflicted on soldiers and sailors by despotic tribunals of officers prejudiced by social class and official *esprit de corps* against the prisoners. Mr. Craufurd's reply to this is that "captains in the navy are men of mature age, and, especially when serving on a court-martial, they act under a very grave sense of responsibility." Good: then let us extend their powers to giving Mr. Craufurd twenty-four cuts with a cane on the hand or back (he attaches deep importance to the difference), depriving him of his means of livelihood, and imprisoning him. It will be interesting to see whether his confidence in them, or even in the fact that Mr. Wilson "counts many officers among his personal friends," will make him quite easy under such circumstances. I positively find myself blushing at having to reduce such trivialities to absurdity.

As to my "entire inaccuracies," I wish my two unfortunate critics joy of such consolation as they can find in them. I confess I thought the twenty-four cuts of a cane were to be administered on the lad's back: it did not occur to me that anything so fiercely cruel and likely to cause permanent injury as twenty-four cuts on the hand were contemplated. But the sentence of twenty-four cuts with a birch, reported as passed on one of the "Jupiter" boys, should have dispelled Mr. Craufurd's illusions as to the sanctity of the seaman's back, and saved him from crushing refutation by the later case of the flogged sailor who has just turned out to be a lunatic. Pray observe that the "Jupiter" sentence was expressly ordered to be carried out in the presence of the other boys. The object of that was to intimidate them by a deliberate exhibition of cruelty; and if Messrs. Wilson and Craufurd think otherwise, they must either believe the officers who ordered the punishment to be fools, or else submit to be placed in that humiliating category themselves. Their notion that the boatswain's mate, under orders to make an example of a mutineer, handles a birch as an Eton master does, is entirely worthy of their credulity.

I am sorry I paid the British seaman the compliment of assuming that, like a prison warder, he expected some compensation for the degradation of doing the work which formerly belonged to the common hangman. But I will not insult him by implying, as Mr. Craufurd does, that he does it of his own free will. He does it because he would be court-martialled himself if he refused.

I am sorry to waste your space over these childish cavils, which leave my argument against corporal punishment untouched. But when a newspaper of the standing of the "Globe" disposes of an important public subject like this by a few puerile comments by the side of which even the observations of Messrs. Wilson and Craufurd seem sensible and dignified, it is really necessary to do something to maintain discipline on shore.

As to your correspondent the Lieutenant, who reminds me that Her Majesty's ships fly the White Ensign and not the Union Jack, he may depend on it that I know that, but that I also know my business as a journalist. The public do not care a straw about the White Ensign. When journalists write about gallant officers nailing the Union Jack to the masthead, or wrapping themselves in its folds to die, the Service does not write to the papers to correct the mistake. If the Union Jack is good enough to celebrate the heroism of the navy, it is also good enough to expose its stupid barbarism.—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROUBLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LORDSWOOD, SOUTHAMPTON:

15 September, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—The "forward policy" has not been long in coming to judgment. To-day's telegram informs the public that 59,000 men with 90 guns, including Maxims, are now engaged in the defence of the frontier. Already the blood of thousands of our self-made enemies stains their mountains beyond our territory; and yet the tribesmen must still shed their blood, and their widows and orphans cry aloud to heaven, before British prestige can be satisfied.

And what has brought about all this strife and carnage and the depletion of a well-nigh exhausted treasury? Has it for object the subjugation of the tribesmen who have been free from generation to generation, and who—as freemen—rendered untold service to the English cause in 1857? or is the object the realization of the "scientific frontier" of Disraeli? Or is it the establishing of British garrisons in Cabul, Ghuznee, Kandahar, and Herat?

If 59,000 men and 90 guns are needed to coerce the ill-armed and unorganized tribesmen, it only requires a simple calculation to show the call that will have to be made upon the resources of India before the scientific frontier is nominally established, and the Ameer of Cabul driven bag and baggage out of Afghanistan.

This is no idle hypothesis, for travellers returning from India are full of the preparations already made at Quettah and Peshawar for eventualities that may arise in Afghanistan any day, or upon the death of Abdur Rahman. Such preparations are better known to the Ameer and his subjects than to our own people; and is it possible that such a state of affairs can tend to allay distrust or foster friendship? It is the unceasing encroachments along the whole border, and the restless activity of military preparations, that have given force to the exhortations of the "mad Mullahs" and made the tribesmen rise in arms.

It is time that the nation took the matter in hand, or it may be dragged by the Government, whether it wishes it or not, into future interminable frontier difficulties. Party tactics must be set aside; the root of the matter must be made clear to everybody: and every party in the country must unite to fix upon a frontier and a policy that shall be beyond the power of any Government of the day to set aside, save with the sanction of the constituencies.

At present the country is embarked in frontier wars by the Government of India or by the Secretary of State for India at pleasure, be the consequences what they may. One ray of light, and one only, is to be discovered in the darkness that now hangs over the North-West frontier, and that is the hope that passing events will cause our rulers and the nation to realize to the full the folly of being led, under any pretext, or by the spell of any popular name, into permanently occupying any posts beyond the confines that Nature has fixed as the boundary of India.—Yours faithfully,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, General.

"THE ANACREON OF THE GUILLOTINE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 TENNYSON MANSIONS, W.

SIR,—Mr. Vandam, in his very kind and interesting notice of my translation of Barère's Memoirs, calls my translator's preface an error of judgment, because I attempt therein to defend Barère from Macaulay's attacks.

If all reviewers were like Mr. Vandam, and read the books they reviewed, I confess there would have been no need for it. But he must know the ways of his weaker brethren probably better than I do. I wrote that preface chiefly to give the needy reviewer something to write about. And he has blessed me and written on that safe subject, Macaulay, in half the reviews I have received. Those weaker brethren rarely go beyond the preface. Therefore, "mistaken kindness," as you will, but not "an error of judgment."—Your obedient servant,

DE V. PAVEN-PAYNE.

REVIEWS.

BRIDGES AND BACON.

"The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon." Edited, with Introduction and Analytical Table, by John Henry Bridges, F.R.C.P., sometime Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1897.

THE Clarendon Press naturally derives some credit from its connexion with the University of Oxford, and from the fact that it publishes occasionally works of sound scholarship like Mr. Rashdall's "History of the Mediæval University" or "The New English Dictionary." When, therefore, it announces the publication of any work of the first importance, it is always possible that uninformed persons may regard it as representative of the best scholarship of the University. More especially is this the case when the editor is a Fellow of an important College and a man otherwise of some distinction. It is therefore necessary to disclaim at once on the part of English scholarship a work which bears on its face the marks of incompetence and ignorance. To enforce our disclaimer we need only add that the "Times" has recognized with unstinted praise "the high qualifications of Dr. Bridges (the learned and scholarly editor) for his task, and the admirable manner in which he has executed it."

The neglect of the work of Bacon has been for centuries a crying scandal to the scholars of his University. In 1733 a Cambridge scholar, Dr. Jebb, published from a seventeenth-century copy in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, Bacon's "Opus Majus." The edition was incomplete and confused, but enough to show the world the scope of the book. In 1614 Combach, a German, had already published the section of the work dealing with optics. In the middle of this century Cousin and Charles, in France, occupied themselves with the study of Bacon, and Charles published an analysis and specimens of the omitted part in Jebb's edition (his specimens, be it said, are very incorrect). In 1859 Brewer, a London professor, published more unedited works; but up to the present no Oxford scholar has thought it worth while to take pen in hand to elucidate the "Opus Majus"—a work indispensable to students of mediæval thought.

In Dr. Jebb's time the duties of an editor were light. If there was any difficulty in reading your MS., you simply wrote down what the author ought to have said and left out the hard places. But we are no longer willing to allow this pontifical authority to editors. The hard duty is imposed upon them of seeking out the best text they can, and of printing it so that the student may know every word in it—right or wrong. The editor has further to collate this text with the other manuscripts and to mark the differences in such a way that his own conjectures are clearly distinguished. This is elementary. Apply these tests to Dr. Bridges. He says, "These two MSS. (Oxford and Dublin) have been carefully collated for the present edition. . . . The Oxford MS. has . . . been taken as the foundation of the present edition."

Now Bacon wrote in 1267. He tells us that he was in the habit of writing his treatises five or six times over. He sent a copy to the Pope, and that copy is still preserved in the Vatican. Has the editor made any search for it? He does not even mention it in his introduction. Bacon gives us a distinguishing mark for important passages of his work—a human head. There is a MS. of a large part of the "Opus Majus" in the British Museum—of the thirteenth century—bearing on its margin this very mark, and Dr. Bridges has seen this MS. and not printed from it. Instead of this he has avowedly gone to a late fifteenth-century copy and printed from that. This would be a crowning proof of incompetence, but there is worse. It is evident that Dr. Bridges has not printed from the Oxford MS. at all, but from Jebb's printed edition.

Some years ago we collated Jebb with the Oxford text and found considerable un-noted discrepancies. These discrepancies are reproduced by Dr. Bridges also without note, and with the introduction of the inevitable new errors caused by careless printing. For example, the first two lines of text on p. 47, vol. ii., are

totally different from the Oxford text, and resemble the printed texts with the difference that the ex-Fellow of Oriel prints "ostendum" where the older editors give "ostendendum." And the gratuitous errors introduced are sometimes due to crass ignorance. All the texts, printed or manuscript, read "mirabilis," for example, on p. 31, vol. i.: Dr. Bridges writes "miserabilis." *Ex uno disce omnes.* There are many similar instances.

Again the liberties Dr. Bridges has taken with the text show us that if he could have detected any mistakes in it he would not have hesitated to amend them. Continental scholars are, then, invited to consider a Fellow of Oriel who does not know the accusative of the first Greek declension, p. 81 (the MS. gives it correctly); who thinks that *legum* is the case to follow *sub*, p. 47; gives gravely impossible words like *saginali* for *originali*, *imputato ore* for *impurato ore* (did he think *imputatus* was the Latin for impudent?); talks of Machus where every schoolboy knew of Inachus as the father of Isis, writes of the letters of Jerome to Pope Damascenus, quotes the titles of Augustine's tracts wrongly, and alters the authorship of quotations by leaving out the author's name when a string of quotations follow each other.

A typical example of Dr. Bridges's negligence is reached on p. 74. He writes a note condemning Jebb for his omissions, and says, "This is the more strange as Jebb undoubtedly had this MS. before him." Let us consider Dr. Bridges. In the first line of the page Bacon is speaking of idioms of allied languages, "unde Hebræus dicit *Eloim* pro Deo vel Diis; Chaldæus dicit *Eloa*, pro cælo vel cœlis." Will it be believed that in this MS. the sentence runs distinctly, "unde Hebræus dicit *Eloim* pro Deo vel Diis, Chaldæus dicit *Eloa*; et pro cælo vel cœlis dicit Hebræus *samann*, Chaldæus *samaa*?" We might point out many similar cases.

It is perhaps needless to say after this that the work is hopelessly bad. The text is worthless. The introduction speaks better for Dr. Bridges's memory than his originality. Of the questions of text that a study of the "Opus Majus" raises he is entirely ignorant. But at least one would have expected something from a man of Dr. Bridges's position. Even a country curate has learnt to verify his references. Migne is not inaccessible; Bede and Jerome and Augustine, Aristotle, Averroes and Avicenna, are available. Why did Dr. Bridges not look them up? We admit a few tentative verifications, made from the Greek text of Aristotle instead of from the Latin—a way of proceeding which only further proves Dr. Bridges's fundamental incompetence. To sum up, this edition, or rather reprint, is not trustworthy, even as representing the bad text from which its editor says he has printed. It has great differences from the real text of the author. Its author is made to write bad grammar and broken sense. The quotations are not verified, and are sometimes falsified by careless omissions. Passages are inserted which form no part of the work and are not found in the best MSS., and the editor quotes as authorities MSS. which do not give the passages he quotes (p. 269).

It remains to be asked by what right Dr. Bridges has undertaken a work which could only be carried through by a scholar. We have long known and admired his "Considerations on the Death-rate of Bradford"; we have read with respectful sympathy his views on "Home Rule"; but which of these works was it that induced the Clarendon Press to foist him into a position which will make him the laughing-stock of European scholars?

THE SUBARCTIC FOREST.

"Through the Subarctic Forest: a Record of a Canoe Journey from Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes and down the Yukon River to the Behring Sea." By Warburton Pyke. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Arnold. 1897.

IN the far North-West of America lies a great land of mountains and rivers, of forests and rolling plains, sealed by snow and ice throughout the long winter, flooded with rain in the short summer. The eastern part of it, where the Mackenzie River flows down the Arctic slopes to the Beaufort Sea, was

explored in the great days of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is still dotted with stations. The western part and all the lower waters of the Yukon are well known to prospectors and trappers. But the district between Fort Wrangel and the Pelly Lakes, the watershed between the tributaries of the Stikine, which flows into the Pacific, and the Pelly, which, joining the Yukon, reaches the Behring Sea, were little known. Mr. Warburton Pyke explored this territory in a canoe, making portrages across the watersheds, and he has written a pleasant account of his travels. He entered the country at Fort Wrangel, the port of entry for Alaska. This forlorn little town had a brief time of prosperity in 1874, when gold was found at Cassiar on the Arctic slope. It now lives entirely by Indian trade, but still contains stranded relics of the old population of prospectors. Nominally it is a prohibition territory, being part of the State of Oregon; "if a smuggler is caught red-handed, unloading a cargo of whisky, he is fined or imprisoned and his cargo is confiscated. At the same time there is no law to prevent the sale of liquor within the territory; and when once the cargo is safely run, drinks are sold openly in the bar just as they would be in San Francisco." Another impracticable law is evaded in similar convenient fashion. "The Edmonds Act declares that no white man may live with an Indian woman unless he is married to her, and yet most of the clergy of Alaska refuse to legalize such alliances by the reading of the marriage service." The familiar evils of mixed interbreeding are unfortunately common.

The canoe used in the journey was eighteen feet long, three feet six in beam, and twenty inches deep; it was built of light spruce, on the Peterborough model, and lasted through the whole journey of four thousand miles of rapid and often dangerous water, frequent rough portrages on men's shoulders, and two hundred miles on dog-sleighs through the forest. The early part of the journey was unpleasant on account of the absence of dry firewood due to the great rainfall. "The valley back from the river is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of fine timber, rank underbrush and steaming moss, while the devil's club, a long cane-like stalk covered with thorns, bearing a crown of leaves furnished in the same manner, lies in ambush until the weight of a man's foot causes it to start up and strike the intruder in the face. This forest, favoured by the warmth and moisture of the ocean, runs up the mountain sides till it meets the snow that for ever covers the peaks of the coast range on either side of the river." At present there is hardly any population, but, as Mr. Pyke points out, that was also the case with the coast lands of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia fifty years ago, although these lands, save for a slightly better climate, are similar in character. He thinks that there will be a future even for this region when the export of timber is legalized and salmon canneries established. Game of all kinds is abundant, and he has a high opinion of the mineral wealth of the district. On the way up the river his canoe was joined by several large canoes of Indians. The natives of the coast go up to the higher waters in summer, where the climate is less rainy and berries and salmon abound. The climate changes when the coast range is passed, through a narrow cañon, where the turbulent waters of the river make the passage dangerous.

Bears are abundant on the Stikine river. Mr. Pyke mentions the extreme variation in their skins, and suggests from his own experience that the black, brown, grizzly, cinnamon, silver-tipped and bald-face bears may be all varieties of one species. Most naturalists would agree with him. The Polar bear is undoubtedly distinct, but it has been found impossible to distinguish specifically even such apparently well-marked types as the Isabelline bear of Cashmir and the Syrian bear from the common brown bear. When an animal has so wide a range it is natural to find both well-marked varieties and grading forms, and those doubters who demand actual proof of the new formation of species should turn their attention to the difficulties in classifying the members of a disintegrating group.

Some two hundred miles up the river and across the international boundary Mr. Pyke came into the gold-mining district of Cassiar. He thinks that there

is plenty of gold to be found there, but the shortness of the season and the long distance from the coast make prospecting too expensive to be lucrative. There are but few miners who can afford to prospect under the present conditions, as, even if paying diggings are discovered, the first year's work is lost, and a capital of several hundred dollars is necessary to buy provisions for a winter's inactivity. With the aid of a mule-train Mr. Pyke crossed the watershed between the Pacific and the Arctic slopes, and set out on his journey down the Dease river. In this region he noticed an interesting and pleasantly novel circumstance. Travellers in most regions of the world continue to report a rapid or gradual disappearance, or at least contraction of range, of all the larger animals. It seems that in this region the moose is becoming much more plentiful and certainly is increasing its range. After spending the winter in this district, Mr. Pyke set out in late spring for the Pelly lakes. In this region he was able to make some important additions to geographical knowledge which are embodied in the two sketch maps bound with the volume. From the Pelly lakes down the Pelly river and down the long Yukon the voyage was easier and less novel, the chief incidents being transits of dangerous rapids. Sportsmen and naturalists will find much interesting information respecting the game and the birds of this little-known region, and those who are thinking of visiting the Klondyke goldfields would do well to read Mr. Pyke's volume and learn the difficulties of travel in those regions.

OUR COAL RESOURCES.

"Our Coal Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century." By Edward Hull, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: Spon. 1897.

AS Dr. Hull himself remarks in this volume, the triumphant progress of a nation depends more on the personal qualities, moral and physical, of her people, than upon the accidental endowments of her soil. A lethargic race may slumber through long centuries on a land teeming with the richest mineral wealth; a restless, aggressive people may make the poorest corner of the earth an eyrie from which to sally forth to plunder the world. The direction of our national progress in this century, however, has been so closely associated with our coal and iron that a stock-taking for the future is of the greatest interest and importance. Thirty years ago, when some of the shallower mines were becoming exhausted, a scare arose, and, to allay the fears of pessimists, a Government Commission, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, was appointed to investigate "the probable quantity of coal contained in the coal-fields of the United Kingdom, and to report on the quantity of such coal which may be reasonably expected to be available for use." Some years before that, Dr. Hull himself, working independently, had arrived at the estimate that there was coal enough to last for 1,000 years, making what was considered a reasonable allowance for increased use. The Commission arrived at an estimate still more optimistic, as, in their calculations, they included seams of a thickness less than two feet, and which by Dr. Hull and most experts are regarded as being below the limits of profitable working. Since that time, writes Dr. Hull, "the question of the duration of our coal supplies has not lost its interest or importance. The annual output of coal, which, when the Commissioners first met together on their appointment, only amounted to about one hundred millions of tons, has now risen to nearly double that quantity, and, by the end of the nineteenth century, will in all probability reach that quantity. The progress of exhaustion is still proceeding, nor can we say that the annual quantity extracted has reached its highest limit. Coal is an exhaustible product of the crust of the globe, and the subterranean cellar when once exhausted cannot, like those of our houses, be replenished." Dr. Hull's volume is a patient and valuable attempt to make use of the extended knowledge of the geological distribution of coal, and, by comparing the results of that inquiry with the increased rate of production, to arrive at a new estimate.

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sufficiently well-known to make it certain that hope for the future is to be got only by consideration of the extension of existing beds under adjacent rocks, the existence of beds under parts of Britain not presently associated with coal-fields, and the downward limits of existing beds. Each of these questions Dr. Hull considers most carefully, bringing to bear on them his ripe geological knowledge. He attaches considerable importance to the presence of coal in the counties south of the Thames; indeed, long before the successful borings at the Channel Tunnel works, he and other geologists had confidently predicted the existence of valuable coal-seams. "It may now be accepted as geologically certain," he writes, "that between Dover and Bath there occurs a more or less interrupted trough of coal-measures of 150 miles in length, and of a breadth varying from two to four miles measured from north to south." He believes, however, that this trough is interrupted by considerable flexures and disturbances, and that it cannot be expected to compensate for the possible exhaustion of the Lancashire and Midland areas. Nor, though he considers that it must extend under the Channel towards Dover, does he think that it could be worked under the sea to any extent with profit; as, except at an enormous depth, the difficulties of intruding water would be too great. Taking each coal-field separately, he discusses its probable lateral extension under overlying strata and, on the basis that about 4,000 feet represents the downward limit of practical working, he arrives at estimates in round numbers of the amount of coal that will be available at the end of the century. The total for the United Kingdom is 81,683 million tons. As the output of coal for 1896 was over 195 million tons, on the extremely improbable assumption that the rate of production, which has more than doubled since 1860, will remain practically stationary, these figures of Dr. Hull would give a life of about four hundred years to our coal-mines. Within this period, then, an enormous readjustment of social conditions, and probably of commercial conditions, is bound to occur. Dr. Hull very wisely does not attempt to predict the nature of these changes. He is content to hope that, as the English race has successfully adapted itself to the changing conditions of the past, it will achieve with equal success the unknown readjustments of the future.

MR. WELLS'S NEW STORIES.

"The Plattner Story, and Others." By H. G. Wells. London: Methuen. 1897.

"The Invisible Man." By H. G. Wells. London: Pearson. 1897.

MR. WELLS presents his odd fancies in a strong setting of prosaic circumstances. This does not mean that he finds strangeness in everyday life, but rather that he would render strange occurrences convincing by backing them with homely circumstances. Hence his personages live at Redhill, they travel by the Brighton line, they are retired grocers, they read the "Q. Jour. Mi. Sci.," they gnaw pieces of pine splinter, and generally conduct themselves in a pointedly realistic fashion. It is because suburbs and groceries are hardly to be conceived of as harbouring possible strangenesses that Mr. Wells can use them as an aid in administering his doses of the unlikely. This habit of making Redhill into capsules does not foster a feeling of respect for the suburbs in themselves, and on the few occasions in his volume of short stories when Mr. Wells deals with the details of everyday life, not as a medium, but as an end in themselves, he is apt to show his disrespect in a facetiousness that is at once entertaining and ruinous. "A Catastrophe," for example, is the history of a moment in the life of a little draper. Now, a little draper, Mr. Wells argues, who fusses over cheap lines of calicoes, is obviously a ridiculous personage; such a prosaic and *terre à terre* little chap ought by rights to be employed in persuading the reader to believe in the incredible. What other cause can his narrow dullness serve? To persist in grubbing about with draperies is to relinquish his only claim to respect; he and his wife and his troubles are therefore to be plainly written down as ridiculous. "In the Modern Vein," to take a more important example, is the tale of a minor poet who lives in Redhill. He sees no monster by land or sea, he is not shot out

of space, he does not exchange bodies with another man; he just feebly lives his pathetic little moment. Therefore he is unworthy of any subtlety or delicacy of treatment: he is to be laughed at. And laugh we do, for Mr. Wells is not the man to allow his injunctions to be disobeyed. We can only perhaps regret that he should have chosen to call us so openly to laughter. Something of the same disrespect for humanity is displayed in "A Slip under the Microscope." In this case a whole drama of character, a situation such as Mr. Gissing might have built up for us in detail, is lightly suggested in order to give point to an unimportant and meaningless accident. Here is the ill-bred son of an atheist cobbler studying medicine with the cultured girl. They are both in an interesting muddle about themselves and each other; but "No," Mr. Wells says to us, "that is not interesting. I am only suggesting it in order to prepare the way for a detailed description of a scene in an examination room, and an occurrence that crossed the limits of accident into the territory of cheating. If you, the reader, are such a silly as to become interested in a ridiculous boy and girl story, that is your own lookout. I am interested in the exam., the microscope, the psychological puzzle of the student's cheating." So we give in, smothering an inconsiderable spark of rebellion in our hearts. If we had read "The Jilting of Jane" by itself we might also, perhaps, have asked what the poor servant-girl had done that her existence should have been held up to ridicule before an audience of ladies and gentlemen; but from the present surroundings of the story we know that she is doing penance for her inability to discover wonders—the track of her brush and dustpan leads to no miracle.

The unmiraculous, however, is not the important part of the volume, and of the wonderful we will only make one criticism, or confession. After a time we found ourselves looking eagerly for some signs of a wink from the author, and we looked in vain. It is always a severe test to read collected short stories in a lump, and the desire to see Mr. Wells's eyelid quiver for a moment would hardly come to one who listened to him at intervals. And of course, when the miraculous or the strange is at its best, there is no temptation to quarrel with the severity of a serious eye; only this is not always the case, and when the reader is a little wearied a wink would be welcome. That is one of the great merits of the great Jules Verne—when we are not convinced and excited we are laughing, half at him and half with him. Not that he pokes fun at his own detail; only he riots in it; he smacks his lips with so reckless a delight that now and again all the clocks of the town find themselves striking ten minutes past nine. Mr. Wells permits us no such chances, and his reader may at times feel like a child who has been given a box of bricks and forbidden to play trains with them. Mr. Wells is too conscious to be humorous by mistake, and we must not ask a man to laugh purposely at his own efforts. "Every Man his Own Max" would mean a surer death to literature than any advertised powder can claim for rats. Meanwhile "The Plattner Story" and "Under the Knife," the two most important contributions to the volume, are as engrossing here as they were when they first appeared. We do not easily remember whether it was the exploded chemistry master who saw the watching souls in a green world, and the patient under operation who saw the solar system recede from him, or whether it was the other way round. This might possibly be twisted into a criticism; but really it only shows that the other world is not particular as to the manner in which the intruders get there, so long as they do get. Moreover, "Under the Knife" can be taken as a purely realistic description of the sensations of a man under operation—indeed, as it happens, the most memorable moment comes before the other state of existence is reached, namely, when the patient sees the operating surgeon's consciousness as a little spot of light, now glowing steadily and now flickering with doubt and apprehension.

A critic, engaged in the fascinating occupation of theorizing without imminent data, might conclude that if an author has an odd notion as the foundation of a story, the story should be as short as possible. The notion, for instance, that one man can change bodies with another may suffice for twenty pages, but to drag

it out over a couple of hundred is to work it threadbare. This is a theory highly to be recommended; it has done, and will, no doubt, continue to do, yeoman service. As it happens, Mr. Wells proves the contrary. His short story of the man who changed bodies with another is far less engrossing than the long tale of the man who made his body invisible, and the mere brute question of space is a sufficient explanation of the superiority. It is true that some of the circumstances in the "Story of the late Mr. Elvisham" are striking enough; but the constraint of twenty pages does not allow either author or reader to get very far from the fundamental notion, and at the end of the twenty pages the reader feels that the author has done little more than present him with a notion, viz. that a man may change bodies with another. And notions are cheap to-day. But if notions are cheap, events or circumstances are not, and the larger space of "The Invisible Man" allows the notion to be lost in the circumstances. Mr. Wells is more concerned with telling us the adventures that befell a man who made his body invisible than with persuading us that such a miracle is possible. This is a great advantage. We accept the miracle, and then the man with an invisible body becomes almost as interesting to watch as the man with an exaggerated affection for his daughters, or an exaggerated self-consciousness, or any other qualification that leads him into remarkable scrapes. And the greater elbow-room allows Mr. Wells to throw himself away, to laugh, to be reckless and irresponsible; indeed the general tone of the book, and the entire first half, is farcical, broad farce, bordering on the knock-about business. Such miracles as Mr. Wells has here treated have again and again been used to present some moral truth; they have been made in some sort symbolical, and in reading the first eighteen chapters or so we may at times feel that fair opportunities for significance have been missed for the sake of meaningless farce. On the other hand, the idea of making the invisible man's adventures significant is so obvious that it must necessarily occur to every man who has a pen in his hand; indeed, it would need no small amount of self-control to resist the temptation, and certainly a tolerably successful farce is more acceptable than the pretentious solemnity of a "Peau de Chagrin" *manquée*. Mr. Wells has been saved from a possible failure in this direction by his severely scientific attention to actual details. He relates the adventures of the invisible man exactly as they happened and for their own sake. If they disclose no significant moral, *tant pis*. The latter half of the book is the more engrossing, although the first arresting note sounds with the early appearance of the pitiable little tramp who becomes the victim of the invisible man's enforced cruelty. But towards the end the interest increases by leaps and bounds, for a sort of significance begins to show itself, and without any effort on the author's part. He goes ahead with the adventures, if they happen to have a significance, *tant mieux*. The student who laboured so long to make himself invisible, who expected such a wonderful increase of power from the transformation, finds himself cold, naked and hungry, hunted from pillar to post, more helpless than the meanest beggar, and now that he has succeeded in achieving the desired invisibility his one wish is to put himself back into the limitations of the ordinary world of men and women around him. From being merely an outcast, he becomes a rebel, an enemy of society, one man against the world, the maddest of anarchists. The author's power of setting some incredible horror in the most everyday surroundings serves him well on this occasion. The tragedy is always on the brink of farce until we reach the last page and a piece of wholly pathetic tragedy. The hunted terror of society is caught at last, and most pitiful is the re-entry he makes into the visible world he left so boldly.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

"Sir Walter Raleigh." By Martin A. S. Hume. "Builders of Greater Britain" Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

EVERY schoolboy knows his Raleigh (or rather Raleigh, as the name is now spelt). Raleigh lives in our memories as the courtier, the hero and the

adventurer; and we hardly expect to improve our knowledge of one who seems to stand out so clearly among the romantic figures which move grandly across the pages of history. Major Martin Hume's volume is for popular purposes a revelation, and will bring Raleigh into still more vivid relief. Mr. Fisher Unwin is fortunate in being able to inaugurate his series of "Builders of Greater Britain" with an account of the father of English colonization, by one who has enjoyed extensive and peculiar opportunities of mastering all available data concerning the spacious days of Elizabeth. At a time when "To be or not to be" is on the lips of the Imperial Federationist, when many leading spirits of the Victorian era are reviewing the past of the Empire and speculating concerning the future, the lives of the heroes and statesmen to whom we owe our heritage must be of both interest and value. Even had Mr. Martin Hume not succeeded in unearthing certain documents of importance which have not hitherto been published, his present work would still stand in no need of justification. There exists no really good popular account of Raleigh's life, and a material service is rendered by placing one at command. On the whole, Mr. Hume has accomplished his task with signal success. It is true his work has its blemishes, but they are not very serious. For the "literals" which are scattered plentifully through his pages the printers are responsible. Mr. Hume's syntax is not altogether unchallengeable; his methods are rather redundant, and some of his minor statements are not pedantically accurate. Thus it is wrong to say that Columbus offered to discover the New World for Henry VII. Columbus never dreamed of a New World. He dreamed only of a new route. He hoped to reach Cathay and the east of Asia by travelling west, and when he touched the Antilles he thought he was actually in the Indies. Again, to say the Queen named Virginia after herself sounds slightly absurd. That she might thus subtly have sought to remind Raleigh that there were limits to her love-making is not inconceivable, but surely the fact is that Raleigh spontaneously called the possession Virginia as a compliment to his sovereign.

The difficulty which the student of to-day finds is to put himself *en rapport* with the spirit of the age in which Raleigh lived, and to judge him as man and as statesman by measuring him against his contemporaries. It is obviously unfair to judge the sixteenth century by the canons of the nineteenth. No one will accuse Mr. Hume of hero-worship, but it seems to us that his narrative goes far to show that Raleigh in insight was far ahead of his time, in accomplishment well abreast of it. He was the architect of his own fortunes, a financial speculator, a shipowner, a member of Parliament, a student, a reforming landowner, a poet, a chemist, an engineer, a deep thinker, an historian, a courtier, a rover, and a patriot. Unlike so many of his famous contemporaries, he was much more than a mere adventurer. He bearded the Spaniard with the doughtiest of them, but he did so not for gold alone. He was not averse from appropriating to the very last ounce the precious cargo carried by the Spanish fleets which crossed the Atlantic, but he entertained larger ideas than plunder. The Spaniard, under a preposterous Papal dispensation, claimed all the New World for himself, and Raleigh saw that the greatness which began to loom ahead for England, even before the Armada was scattered by the combined forces of Heaven and Elizabeth, would be an impossibility if England's national energies were not permitted to expand beyond the seas. Mr. Martin Hume admirably emphasizes the remarkable instinct with which Raleigh, on the very threshold of England's colonizing career, pointed out the truth. Gold may be a means to an end, and, as a matter of fact, he sacrificed everything for gold, but gold cannot be the end, so far, at any rate, as a nation is concerned. Just as to-day we see great colonies spring up in response to the beckoning finger of mammon, so Raleigh was prepared to foster Colonial enterprise by dangling El Dorado before the dazzled gaze of Court and country. But permanent wealth was, he knew, to be found in the settlement of virgin lands, in commerce and in the opening up of new fields for the employment of the labour of "needy people who trouble the commonwealth through want at

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home." "Who gave gold and silver the monopoly of wealth, or made them the Almighty's favourites?" he asks. Whilst he entertained these views—views whose worth time has proved—the Spaniard thought chiefly of his treasure, just as the buccaneers who so largely helped to build up British sea power thought only of taking it from him. To appreciate the greatness and the independence of Raleigh's conception—a conception which, after years of suffering, misfortune and vile slander brought his head to the block—Mr. Martin Hume's volume must be read. Raleigh was, if man ever was, the martyr of Empire.

Raleigh was a bundle of inconsistencies. He could be weak and he could be strong: under a death sentence he could whine for pardon like the veriest poltroon; at the point of death itself, he was dignity and courage incarnate. He inspired both love and hate in an inordinate degree, and his great qualities of head and heart won for him implacable enmity. His devotion to his wife was idyllic, and in an age when men lightly sacrificed their best friends to gain a personal advantage, he sacrificed himself for the sake of the word which was his bond. That he was honest need not be doubted, and Mr. Hume might, as Mr. James Rodway did, strengthen his refusal to believe that Raleigh invented the stories of the abounding gold in Guiana by pointing out that gold is now being found in the very place where Raleigh sought it, and might have found it but for his persistent ill-luck. Whilst Elizabeth was alive, disappointment might be his portion, but his enterprises were not denied support. When James came to the throne they were not only denied support, they were betrayed to England's implacable foes. One has not, perhaps, hitherto fully realised how base was the treachery of the creature who succeeded to the crown on the death of Elizabeth. James I. bought the dubious friendship of Philip at the cost of dignity and self-respect; and was content even to take orders from Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. The shameful story of his subservience to the power which Elizabeth did so much to humiliate is set forth by Mr. Martin Hume, for the first time, in Gondomar's own words. But for the decision of the Spanish monarch that it was more convenient for Raleigh to be executed in London, that glorious patriot would have been handed over to Spain for execution in Seville. Yet Raleigh's only sin was that one of his captains had dared to attack—probably in self-defence, and certainly against Raleigh's orders—a Spanish settlement on territory which Raleigh himself, twenty years before, annexed for England. Gondomar relentlessly hounded him to his doom as a warning to others who might think of disputing the Spaniards' right to the whole of South America. That Raleigh ever conspired against James there is no evidence to show. For James's fears of him Cecil and others were to blame. But James cannot be excused on that ground for his subservience to Spain. In Raleigh it is not too much to say that the greatest of contemporary Englishmen was done to death by the most miserable sycophant who ever called himself king.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

"The Catholic Case." By Dr. Walsh, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1897.

I.

(From a Protestant Standpoint.)

UNDER the above title, Dr. Walsh, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has published a collection of his own speeches and letters, together with several other documents bearing more or less directly upon the claim of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Ireland to a separate University for their co-religionists. Dr. Walsh is a master of the art of saying little or nothing in the greatest possible number of words. Not even Mr. Gladstone can surpass him in wrapping up a meaning or a no meaning in high-sounding periods. Of another controversial device he is no less a master—I mean the process of begging the question. Throughout all his speeches and letters, and in all the documents in his bulky compilation, there is no

attempt to prove the fundamental assumption of the whole argument. Indeed, it is not even stated. It is taken for granted all through that Roman Catholics have a claim of right to a separate University. This assumption surely cannot be admitted on the mere *ipse dixit* of any orator or statesman. For more than a hundred years the contrary principle has been acted upon. In 1793, the Irish Parliament did not set up a University for Roman Catholics. Trinity College, Dublin, on the contrary, did seek and obtain power to grant degrees to persons professing that religion. In 1849 and 1851, the United Parliament did not institute a Roman Catholic University. Open Colleges were first founded, and then an open University; and common candour requires me to say that few more valuable institutions than the Queen's Colleges and Queen's University have ever been set up in Ireland. Besides, if Dr. Walsh's principle is true for Roman Catholics, it is equally true for Protestant Churchmen, for Presbyterians, for Methodists, for Quakers—nay, even for Jews, Irvingites, or the Peculiar People. True, no "non-Catholic" (to use a somewhat misleading euphemism) has as yet asked for separate education. But there are warnings. Presbyterians in the North of Ireland—hitherto the staunchest adherents of the open University principle—have begun to throw out hints that they, too, must have a University all to themselves if Roman Catholics are thus indulged.

In short, from the point of view of political justice—giving those words the widest possible interpretation—Archbishop Walsh's assumption is utterly unfounded. Has it any better support in political expediency? Dr. Walsh has himself helped to answer that question. At p. 482 of his book there is a declaration of Roman Catholic laymen, followed by nine pages of signatures, or just 1,100 names. It is perfectly safe to estimate that these include all the Roman Catholic laymen who agree with their Bishops on the University question. Among them are fifty-nine members of Parliament, Nationalists to a man. I will not ask whether the concession of a separate University would convert a single one of these to Unionism, or even render one of them less hostile to the Government which should make such a concession. Of course not. Nor, of the thousand and odd rank and file, would any one record his vote at an election for any candidate to whom he would not have given it already. And even if every member of Parliament and every elector on the list were converted, what would it be worth? Would any member retain his seat? Would not the whole thousand votes be hopelessly swamped by the half million of Nationalist voters who vote, not at the bidding of Roman Catholic bishops, but of parish priests and curates who are peasants themselves, and are leaders in virtue of peasantry almost as much as of priesthood? The fact is that the Roman Catholic laity in Ireland who could send sons to a University constitute an infinitesimally small body. Of the individuals whose signatures might be supposed really to carry weight, twelve are Roman Catholic noblemen. Not one of these would under any circumstances send a son to any Irish University. The Irish Roman Catholic peer sends his sons to Oxford if he sends them to any University. The peers may therefore be left out. Then come three Judges—Sir Peter O'Brien (Lord Chief Justice), Chief Baron Palles, and the late Lord Justice Barry. These are all Trinity College men, and at first sight their adhesion appears unaccountable. But the terms of the declaration are vague and ambiguous in the extreme, so that their lordships probably thought they were committing themselves to nothing in particular. And why did not Lord Morris sign it, or The MacDermot, Q.C., or Mr. Justice William O'Brien? Lord Morris would have added vast weight to the declaration had he signed it. The MacDermot is said to have eschewed every University, because of scruples precisely such as the Bishops assert to be held by the great body of the laity. In short, Dr. Walsh has administered a death-blow to the theory that the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland are labouring under an unredressed grievance in the matter of University education.

A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIC COUNCIL,
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

II.

(From a Catholic Standpoint.)

OF the "dead and buried" questions in which Irishmen are interested, the University difficulty is the one that for the moment seems to have the greatest amount of resurrective vitality. Archbishop Walsh's latest publication will be useful in giving those only vaguely acquainted with the matter a correct view of the position which the Catholic bishops of Ireland, and behind them the Catholic laity, have so far taken up on the subject.

Trinity College and the University of Ireland were nominally thrown open to Catholics in 1793, and saw the last of their religious tests abolished something less than 25 years ago. This latter event left them seemingly of free access in all respects, but as the *genius loci*, so to speak, of Trinity College is essentially non-Catholic—and even to an extent distinctly anti-Catholic; and as, on the other hand, Catholics cannot afford to sink their religion in this important matter, things are exactly as if the gates of Trinity were still closed to Catholic students. The Catholics of Ireland, forming the bulk of the nation, do not see why they should not have a State-endowed institution on the same lines as Trinity College, but of an essentially Catholic character. If the University of Dublin, which is really distinct from Trinity College, were widened so as to include a Catholic institution that had similar privileges with Trinity, there can be little doubt that the difficulty would once for all be effectively settled.

Of course there exist the Queen's Colleges and the Royal University of Ireland, and no doubt these were founded for the purpose of facilitating University instruction for Catholics. But they have not practically attained their end nor supplied the want that existed. The Queen's Colleges have been condemned by Rome and by the Irish Episcopate assembled in Synod. They are strictly "non-sectarian," and this does not suit the directors of the Catholic conscience, who hold that the deliberate neglect of religious principles in the teaching of science is little better than positive hostility to them. The Royal University is hardly more than an examining body, whereas Catholics desire an institution which is a University in the best sense of the word. They desire a seat of universal learning where young men are brought together not solely for the acquirement of facts of knowledge and for the passing of examinations, but also, and chiefly, for the gaining of a philosophical habit of mind that will be useful to them throughout life and make of them good members of society. This is the "living teaching" of which Cardinal Newman discourses in his "Idea of a University," and with which Archbishop Walsh deals in an introductory chapter of the present volume.

Archbishop Walsh's book is not precisely of a controversial nature. The substance of it is rather of retrospective interest. He shows by quotations from speeches and writings the state of the question as it was, at least up till the end of 1896. In the preface to the book it is noted that with the Parliamentary debate which took place on 22 January of this year the question has entered on a new phase. In the past Dr. Walsh, and with him the remaining members of the Irish Episcopate, made it a point to eschew questions of detail. They had decided that their struggle should be solely for the vindication of two main facts—first of all, that the Irish Catholics were suffering under disabilities in the matter of University education; and, secondly, that it was hopeless to attempt to redress their grievances unless a start were made from the principle of equality of treatment. When these two points were admitted by an English Government, or by a Minister of the Crown speaking in the name of the Government, then, and not before, would it be time to enter on details. Accordingly we do not find in this book direct issue with the minor arguments that are often brought up. Thus it does not deal with that very common missile against the Catholic case, that the claims are essentially vague, and that no one has yet heard in a clear and practical form the propounding of a scheme of University education which would be at the same time humanly possible and acceptable to the

Catholic bishops of Ireland. It may be remarked, however, that in the preface to the present book Archbishop Walsh declares the time now come when these details may be entered upon. The statements made in the House by Mr. Balfour on 22 January seem to the Archbishop to be the due admission for which the Irish episcopate has been struggling, and he accordingly believes that if Her Majesty's Government now expresses a desire for it the bishops will be quite willing to give all the assistance in their power for the drawing up and formulating of the system that would best satisfy the aspirations of the Catholics of Ireland.

Another objection frequently raised is that, if the Government were to concede the full measure of the Irish demands, the Catholic State-endowed institutions would have everything but students, as the Irish Catholics in a position to give University education to their sons are comparatively few. But most of those who have practical experience in the matter entertain little doubt that even from the beginning the institution would be fairly well attended. The number of Catholic students who yearly "enter" for the Royal University of Ireland is counted by hundreds. A large portion of these reside in the colleges which constitute, in its present form, the unendowed and never legally recognized Catholic University of Ireland—namely, University College, Dublin; University College, Blackrock; St. Patrick's College, Maynooth; Catholic University School of Medicine, Dublin, and two other colleges of minor importance. The great majority of these students would be ready to at once enter the new institution. Besides, the students of an endowed establishment need not necessarily be aristocrats. In Dublin the "poor scholar" is at this day far from being a rarity. No one who is acquainted with the Catholic element at the Royal University of Ireland can fail to regret that scholarships, for which they might in conscience compete, are not open to a number of students who make their studies in the public libraries and eke out a wretched existence on the proceeds of the prizes which they gain at the year's end for passing good examinations.

JAMES MURPHY.

"LA FILLE AUX YEUX D'OR."

"La Fille aux Yeux d'Or." By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Ernest Dowson. With Six Illustrations engraved on wood by Charles Conder. London: Smithers. 1897.

THE publisher of this volume had in his hands the material for a book of uncommon excellence; as it is he has thrown away his opportunity. To detach such a story as this from the "*Histoire des Treize*," in which Balzac designedly set it, could only be excused by the beauty and daintiness of the edition and illustrations, the felicity of the translation; otherwise such a stroke of vandalism could not fail to lower a fine piece of literature into the region which the second-hand booksellers term "curious." It is only fair, however, to add that the translator himself is more than aware of this. "And for the story," he says, "the particular motive, the relation, morbid no doubt, to certain minds horrible, and at least, one may say, *bizarre*, one word of justification, hardly of apology, may be allowed. It was in the scheme of the '*Comédie Humaine*' to survey social life in its entirety by a minute analysis of its most diverse constituents. It included all the pursuits and passions, was large and patient, and unafraid. And the patience, the curiosity of the artist which made César Birotteau and his bankrupt ledgers matters of high import to us, which did not shrink from creating a Vautrin and a Lucien de Rubempré, would have been incomplete had it stopped short of a Marquise de San-Réal, of a Paquita Valdès." A work of art is always its own justification. But unfortunately the volume before us just lacks that perfect finish and completeness which would have justified the detachment of this story from its context. The book itself is printed on a loaded paper, and badly bound in a tasteless cover of a crude, aniline violet cloth. The announcement on the title is misleading, since the unsuspecting reader would suppose that the six illustrations on wood were engraved by Mr. Conder himself. This, however,

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is so far from being the case, that these wretched cuts contain scarcely a hint of the beauty of the originals. Any one who is acquainted with Mr. Conder's work will very well understand how some wretched hack wood-engraver came to make these travesties of his charming and distinguished designs. It would have been difficult to have reproduced these illustrations well in any medium; certainly not by wood-engraving: colour alone could have conveyed their entire charm and delicacy. The only part of the book of which it is possible to speak in terms of commendation is the translation itself; and this, certainly, is admirable. It has so much of the distinction, freshness and ease of an original piece of prose, that one is loth to compare it with the original. On the other hand, it is impossible not to regret that the possessor of so delicate an original talent as Mr. Dowson has shown himself to be in his verses and short stories should be forced to dissipate his gifts in the thankless work of translation. Are we to have no more of his stories or verses?

FICTION.

"The Skipper's Wooing; and The Brown Man's Servant." By W. W. Jacobs. London: Pearson. 1897.

MR. JACOBS has taken to his heart those who go down to the Channel in ships, the sailor-men of the coasting schooner, and he is in the way of making them his own people. He has watched them with the sympathetic eyes of a friend—eyes not too keen for their faults, the smudges in the human documents; and the result is a humane proportion in the characters, whole pictures of the men. With an artful carelessness of externals, he seems to build up these characters from the inside, presenting with so sure a touch their essential idiosyncrasies that, though he never describes their faces, figures, gait, or clothes, he would be a stupid reader indeed who met Sam, the Cook, or the Skipper without recognizing them as soon as they spoke. Mr. Jacobs keeps ever before us the fact that the sailor-man is a child—a child with a fancy for getting drunk; his simple passions, his simple cunning, his simple humour are the passions, the cunning and the humour of a child—and he makes this fact the plainer by the continual artful contrast of the precocity of Henry, the little old man of the world fresh from a Board School. The story is full of simple human nature—human nature in no stress of emotion, in no process of development, offering little scope for subtle analysis, but giving full play to Mr. Jacobs's pleasant, penetrating sense of humour; and if the fun of the misadventures of the crew seems a little easy, the more delicate touches in the wooing and the conversations show a very happy insight. "The Brown Man's Servant" is an incursion into the region of the gruesome, and Mr. Jacobs makes us shiver skilfully. The style of the book is lucid and easy; it is careful, thoughtful writing, showing no laboured trace of the pains spent on it. It is a piece of good work.

"The 'Paradise' Coal-boat." By Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Bowden. 1897.

The stories in this volume wear the air of having been made by machinery after designs by Mr. Kipling. We know all these people, the bad skipper and the good mate, the chivalrous gentleman who has gone under, the red-headed man who would be king, the men who marry women of lower races with painful results. We know the mechanical device of making the ruffian write sentimental poetry—we prefer him to cultivate roses—and we know the painful, conscientious bursts of humour. But the stories are told with brisk vigour; we feel that the teller is a man who has been there; and they will serve very well to beguile the emptiness of a smoking-room or the weariness of a railway journey.

"Methodist Idylls." By Harry Lindsay. London: Bowden. 1897.

This wishy imitation of the washy ineptitudes of the Kailyard writers begins tediously, goes on tediously, and ends tediously. On p. 105 Mr. Lindsay says that

he will not attempt to reproduce the "rich venacular" (*sic*) of one of his characters, and our hopes rise; but it seems that in the case of other characters his courage failed him, and he continues for the rest of the book to disfigure pages with tiresome attempts to reproduce a dialect. He tries to present the Methodists of an English village as Mr. Maclaren has tried to present the village members of Scotch sects; and his book demonstrates that Methodists are not even human beings, for only preposterous wooden effigies of the Dissenting virtues stalk through its pages. Not a touch of genuine human nature, not a spark of humour relieve their stiff antics; the reader would be grateful even for something pawky. In some of the stories these unnatural dummies move whole congregations to tears, and their exasperating impossibility should have the same effect on unfortunate readers.

"Fortune's Footballs." By G. B. Burgin. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 1897.

Not very long ago a distinguished American writer was the guest at a large dinner party, in the Holborn Restaurant, of a club called "The New Vagabonds." During the day some of the vagabonds had been showing the sights of the town to the old gentleman, who had become helpless from weariness and wine. Consequently, he made a silly speech. Not a vagabond in the place stirring to help him out, the old gentleman went tottering from the room. Then, giggling and grinning, Mr. Burgin rose to announce that the Club Committee had resolved to give a guinea to the man who made the best report of the speech, and, from a shorthand note, read a report himself. It was an apish act. Even if a vagabond has no dignity, he should have some respect for an old gentleman who is his guest. This is an apish book. In it, from the lips of one of Mr. Burgin's characters, we have the speech again. We have much else also of the same kind. There is, for example, the dedication, which is to Sir Henry Irving: "Dear Sir Henry,—You remember how I carried off the glass from which you drank after the first performance of 'Becket.' History repeated itself—with a difference. The Pretender's adherent sat upon a goblet, and broke it. A domestic broke mine. Were I master of golden phrase and honeyed speech, I would tell you prettily of the pang it cost me to lose my goblet. But rough am I, of uncouth tongue, with no better reparation to make for my original offence than to aggravate it by laying this poor tale at your feet." Mr. Burgin's estimate of the tale cannot be impugned.

"From Grub to Butterfly." By Joseph Forster. London: Ward & Downey. 1897.

In the prime of life and the plenitude of his power, the Earl of Cranes was a bad lot. He had married for money, and was neglecting his wife in the interests of himself and to the elevation of worthless dames. He dwelt luxuriously in Park Lane, and scattered woe among the meek. He was particularly unkind to Mr. Algernon Wildby, his son and heir. The wicked man had urged his son to wed Miss Brownlow, who possessed £100,000 and was a maid of good degree and poor appearance; but, as Mr. Wildby had a virtuous attachment to a music-hall dancer, widow of a dipsomaniacal lion comique and mistress of that black-guard Captain Sharky, the parental wish could not be obeyed. Lord Cranes ordered his son out of the house, and expressed an intention never to see the poor lad's face again. Now, our author is one of those who regard the "show, display, and the opinion of the silly cacklers who call themselves Society" as being "of not the slightest importance." Therefore, when Lord Cranes turned his son to the door, Mr. Forster let our old nobility have what for in no measured terms. The scathing denunciation bore good fruit. Before Mr. Forster was done with him, the bad peer had become a new man. His eyes had been opened. He realized that the social system of which he had been a prop was "based on tradition and buttressed by ignorance." Any social advantage gained through "the accident of birth" could not be justified. On the other hand, the dancing girl's "beauty, tact, and talent were entirely her own." Her

birth had not been accidental. It pointed the way to a solution of all the troubles arising from social inequality. Such persons as himself, he perceived, were "more or less ornamental creatures, floating for a time on the top of an effete social and political system." Flotation of another kind was needed urgently. "We must take in," said Lord Cranes, "absorb, and co-ordinate latent ability and principle for the good of the community. By that means only can civilization advance from good to better, and wild, incoherent destructives of law and order be coerced." Beautiful. As Mr. Forster says, "there is always hope for a man who can learn."

"Crooked Paths." By Francis Allingham. London: Longmans. 1897.

Mr. Allingham is a thinker. He discovered the fact during a sojourn in Rome. He was visiting the Pantheon one moonlit night, and as "the beauty of the effect met his eyes" suddenly became conscious that he had seen it before. He worried the matter out. "Gradually and piece by piece, as a smith picks a lock, I opened the clogged-up cells of my brain, until I clearly knew that this was not the first time I had lived." The things that memory thus revealed Mr. Allingham sets forth in "Crooked Paths." He has to begin by dying. The process takes some time, which he utilizes by making derogatory remarks about the Deity, whom he shrewdly suspects to be non-existent. Why was Mr. Allingham born? Why was he dying just as he "had reached maturity"? Why was it that he "regarded the human beliefs with pity at their childishness and utter incapacity to satisfy the cravings of any but the smallest of intellects"? Was there a Personal Governor of the universe? If there was, why did He not come and have a straight talk with Mr. Allingham? His subjects were improperly governed and Mr. Allingham would like to say so to the Governor's face. Just think of the Bible. As becomes a "literate gent," Mr. Allingham admits that that work has merits. "I still read it," he explains, "for its many beautiful passages and its grand poetry." That, however, is all that can be said for the Bible. Mr. Allingham "had long ceased to regard it as a God-inspired work." All this time, be it remembered, the moonlit seer is dying. We are fain that he would die and enter a silent tomb; but there are still some testamentary declarations to be made. There are the clergy, for example. "Twould ill become a Thoughtful Person to die without having a parting shot at the clergy. 'The greatest enemies to education and freedom of thought have been the priests of all Churches, and they are so still.' If they had much to do with the upbringing of Mr. Allingham, we can well believe that judgment. 'In England,' he says, 'the clergy are but the paid servants of the rich.'" In the next chapter Mr. Allingham is dead, and beginning to tell us all about the other world. He must excuse us for passing on to the next novel.

"One Heart, One Way." By W. Raisbeck Sharer. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

The heroine of this melodrama solves a problem of economics to the author's complete satisfaction. A Trade-Union had made trouble in her father's factory. Her father had introduced so many machines that the lords of labour were on the eve of a strike. The damsel conversed on the subject with her lover, who was in her father's firm. "The truth is," she said, "that capital and labour ought to be two partners with a common interest, and that they ought to work together for their mutual benefit." John caught the idea, but felt a need for further and better particulars. How was the share of either partner to be determined? Mina could not say offhand, but was quite sure that something must be done. The current system, under which capital was the master and labour the slave, was all wrong. Of course, there was the danger that under another system labour might become the master and capital the slave, which would merely be liberation from one tyrant "to be ground under another's heel"; but things had to be put right somehow. Of that Miss Drayman was quite convinced. "It is a precious gift," said her lover, Mr. Watson, admiringly, "to have the power to penetrate beneath

the surface." Thereupon the two resolved to do their little best to leave the world a trifle happier than they found it. Otherwise the book is an ingenious tale of bastardy, murder, and sudden death.

"The Pursuit of the House-Boat." By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. London: Osgood. 1897.

The idea that dead immortals might find themselves amid circumstances of romance is not new, and Mr. Bangs has not used it to good effect. Socrates, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Napoleon Bonaparte, Lindley Murray, Dr. Livingstone, Shylock, Hamlet, Demosthenes, Noah, Sir Christopher Wren, King Solomon, and others were members of a body called "The Associated Shades." They had had a house-boat on the river Styx. Captain Kidd had stolen the house-boat, and, taking with him many wives of the other Shades, had sailed into regions unknown. As the Shades were considering the situation a stranger appeared, and, having impressed them with the story of how he had detected a robber of diamonds, was entrusted with the task of recovering the house-boat. The stranger was Sherlock Holmes. That is Mr. Bangs's plot. The diamond-robber story is good parody; but it was not worth writing. On the other hand, Mr. Bangs has infused no amusement whatever into the dialogues of the illustrious dead. His book is weary work.

"The Wooing of Mavis Grayle." By Charles Hannan, F.R.G.S. London: Macqueen. 1897.

This story is founded on the records of a sensational trial on a charge of murder. In that respect it may interest those who remember the case. Others could not read it either with pleasure or with patience. It is stilted and stupid.

"As We Sow." By Christopher Hare. London: Osgood. 1897.

The first chapter of this novel was promising. In it Mr. Hare seemed to be imitating Mr. Hardy with some success. The story which he unfolds, however, is dreary, and Mr. Hare has no gift enabling him to weave his drab materials into an artistic fabric.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in October a new volume by Mr. Herbert Vivian. The distinguished author assures us that it will be "a work of absorbing interest," and will describe "his recent travels in Servia with a vigour and vivacity unparalleled in literature." Nothing has been written about Servia for some thirty years, and the book should surely be a success. If an author does not know how properly to appraise his own work, who can?

Sir William Lockyer's notes on the total solar eclipses of 1893, 1896, and 1898, are being issued by Messrs. Macmillan in book form under the title of "Recent and Coming Eclipses."

The second volume of "Letters Received by the East India Company from its Servants in the East" is being prepared by Messrs. Sampson Low. The India Office Records have been drawn upon for the correspondence, the extent of which may be gathered from the fact that ten volumes will be occupied with the events between 1603 and 1619. Mr. F. C. Danvers is editing the series, and an introduction is contributed by Sir George Birdwood. An extensive work has been undertaken by Mr. Fred T. Jane, entitled "All the World's Fighting Ships." Reproductions will be given of every warship in existence at the present time, and the text will be rendered in English, French, German and Italian. Messrs. Sampson Low purpose issuing the work annually.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. will shortly publish a work by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., entitled "A Benedictine Martyr in England; being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.," who was hanged, drawn and quartered on 10 December, 1610, at Tyburn. This work should be of interest to Catholic readers in Wales, where the Rev. Dom John Roberts was born, and at Oxford, where he received his education at

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St. John's College. Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. will also publish a new work by Mr. G. F. Underhill (author of "In and Out of the Pigskin," and many other sporting novels) entitled "Hunting, and Practical Hints for Hunting Men."

The publication on Monday next of Mr. Lewis Sergeant's "Greece in the Nineteenth Century" will come at a timely date. The author has incorporated in his new work much of his previous volume on "New Greece," which was contemporary with the Berlin Treaty, and he has brought the details up to the present crisis. Another book of topical interest which Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out on the 22nd inst. is a story by a young Colonial writer, Mr. H. C. McIlwaine, entitled "The Twilight Reef," dealing with the sufferings of the gold-seekers in the arid plains of Australia.

A singular experiment has been made by Mr. Allen Upward of writing a novel in rhyme, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall have shown their appreciation of the attempt by undertaking the publishing of "A Day's Tragedy." They will also produce this autumn Miss Violet Hunt's new story, "Unkist Unkind," and a book of "Verse Fancies," by Edward Levetus, with designs by Celia Levetus.

Conspicuous among Mr. Heinemann's new publications are the "Unpublished Letters of Napoleon I.," selected from the correspondence suppressed by the Imperial Commission of 1858-1869. They are translated by Lady Mary Lloyd. In the "Literatures of the World" series, Mr. Edmund Gosse is responsible for English literature, Dr. Richard Garnett for Italian, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly for Spanish, Mr. W. G. Aston for Japanese, Dr. Georg Brandes for Modern Scandinavian literature, Mr. A. A. Macdonnell for Sanscrit, and Professor Dowden for French. In addition to these, Hungarian literature will be dealt with by Dr. Zoltan Beöthy, German by Dr. Herford, and Latin by Dr. Verrall. In the department of fiction, Mr. Heinemann is producing new novels by Madame Sarah Grand, Dr. Max Nordau, Messrs. W. E. Norris, Henry James, H. G. Wells, Stephen Crane, and Harold Frederic. Among volumes devoted to *belles lettres* are a selection of the poems of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, with an introduction by Mr. Henley, and "The Plays of Gerhart Hauptmann," translated by Mr. William Archer.

At last we are to have a comprehensive translation of "Wundt's Ethics." The work, which has been undertaken by Professor Titchener, of Cornell, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein in three volumes.

Messrs. Methuen's contribution to current fiction includes a novel by the late Mrs. Oliphant, called "The Lady's Walk," a new story by Mr. Gilbert Parker, "The Pomp of the Lavelettes," and "Bladys," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Another addition to Colonial history is announced by Mr. Grant Richards in Mr. Beckles Willson's "The Tenth Island," which gives an account of Newfoundland, "its people, its politics, its problems and its peculiarities." The book includes contributions from Sir William Whiteway, Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Kipling.

Under the dual editorship of Mr. Christopher Markham and Dr. Charles Cox, the records of the borough of Northampton have been compressed into a two-volume edition, which is to be issued almost immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A new departure in cheap series is being essayed by Messrs. Service & Paton in their "Whitehall Library," which is to be remarkable for its binding, paper, printing and price. The edition commences with Kingsley's "Hypatia" and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

The "Centenary Burns" is concluded with the fourth volume, which Messrs. Jack are about to issue, and consists of miscellaneous songs and unauthorized poems. Mr. W. E. Henley's introductory essay occupies 110 pages.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is commencing his autumn season with two books of widely different interest. "An Attic in Bohemia," by Mr. Lacon Watson, deals with the

humorous side of life in the old Inns of Court; and "The Canon" is an exposition of the pagan mystery perpetuated in the Cabala as the rule of all the arts. The latter volume has a preface by Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham.

Miss Jessie Weston's studies on "The Legend of Sir Gawain" forms the seventh volume in the "Grimm Library," and is among Mr. David Nutt's forthcoming works.

Mr. H. M. Stanley is contributing an article on "Africa" to the "Atlantic Monthly," for October. This issue will complete the fortieth year of the magazine's existence.

The 23rd inst. has been chosen by Messrs. Skeffington as the date of publication of Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, "Sheilah McLeod: a heroine of the Back Blocks."

Mr. Fred Wishaw has a triplet of new novels in the hands of Messrs. Griffith & Farran, with the following titles, "The White Witch of the Matabele," "The Adventures of a Stowaway," and "Gubbins Minor and Some Other Fellows." The same firm is also publishing "The Lady of Holt Dene," by Mrs. Emma Marshall, and "For Treasure Bound," by Mr. Harry Collingwood.

Commander Bacon has chosen "The City of Blood" as the title for his narrative of the Benin expedition of 1897. The details will be elucidated by Mr. W. H. Overend's illustrations from sketches by the author. Mr. Edward Arnold is producing the book, together with a short volume by Professor Walter Raleigh on "Style."

ABOUT CHINA.

"The Mystic Flowery Land. A Personal Narrative." By Charles J. H. Halcombe. London: Luzac & Co. 1897.

WE are uncertain whether, in calling this a Personal Narrative, the author means to imply that everything happened to him exactly as he has set it down; or whether the anecdotes may be regarded as an apocryphal setting for his collection of legends and sketches of Chinese life. We should say, under the first supposition, that he had some remarkable experiences; under the second, that his studies of local colour had been incomplete. It is possible, by the method adopted, to produce an agreeable book; but the connecting links need to be well forged; and Mr. Halcombe is deficient in the necessary skill. The well-known legend, for instance, of the damsel who threw herself into molten metal to insure the success of her father's casting, gains little from being put into the mouth of a Chinese Christian with whom the author is supposed to be walking at Shanghai. So with regard to the abortive shooting excursion during which we are told about a phantom junk. A Chinese crew might invade their passenger's cabin, but they would hardly help themselves to his biscuits; nor would the ordinary species of foreign passenger condone their offence by adding whisky and hobnobbing, even for the sake of hearing how the escape of a serpent originated the trouble and the myth. Here is local colour, without doubt, but the method savours of signboard painting. The same criticism may be applied to the chapters on Shanghai. Descriptions of the public gardens and the bund, and of opium and gambling-houses and cock-lofts, are dragged into a rather incredible romance. It is well to be told (in a footnote) that Chinese ladies are not in the habit of going for walks even with male relatives, or we might be led to suppose from the author's intimacy with Miss Wang Seou-jae that there are, in the Far East, some very New Women indeed. We should be inclined to go even further than that admission, and to say that orphan girls whose parents have left them 15,000 dollars do not, even if they have had a foreign education, commonly live in houses of their own, even with two female attendants—still less ramble hand in hand with foreign gentlemen; and if Miss Seou-jae did all this, we cannot be surprised that her aunt and guardian thought it time to interfere. In France the aunt would have called a *conseil de famille*. Being in China she caused her niece to be kidnapped and sent to Soochow. The subsequent search for her, with accompaniments of revolvers, roof-climbing, and rope-ladders, would be more impressive if the detective (Ah Shun) were not shaking all the time with suppressed laughter. As it is, when the author, after ineffable scrambling and peeping at a wrong—but still very beautiful—lady, is warned to fly in sounds never pronounced by unsophisticated Chinese lips, we are irresistibly tempted to emulate Ah Shun. Of the subsequent episode of the bamboo tube containing a missive, of the chivalrous boat journey and blank return, we can only say that, if in the

approved style of mediæval romance, it is rather poor setting for a picture of Soochow. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has told us how the elephant declines to drag his gun too far, because he can "see inside," while the less intelligent ox goes carelessly under fire. Mr. Halcombe gives us a somewhat similar impression. He sees and hears Chinese things and conveys not a bad impression, on the whole, of what he has seen and heard. He is sympathetic, too, in a way; but he fails to get, or to place his readers in, a Chinese *milieu*. He disarms criticism to some extent by pleading that he has, since the age of fifteen, spent what should have been studious days in travels by land and sea, in the wilds of Australia and Africa. Still, when we find three such mistakes as "koutowing," "His Excellence," and "venders" (pp. 151-2), in seven lines, we cannot but suggest that something more than a faculty of accumulating facts is required to write a book. Mr. Halcombe has accumulated a good many facts, and succeeds in conveying certain distinct if crude impressions of Chinese life and thought. The drawback is that the connecting thread is clumsy and that the knots are obtrusive. Of one feature of the book we are glad to speak with praise: the illustrations are characteristic, attractive, and well executed. The whole book is, indeed, from the publisher's point of view, well got up.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IN his account of the condition of political prisoners in Siberia Mr. J. V. Simpson in "Blackwood's Magazine" endeavours to hold the balance even between Mr. Kennan and Mr. De Windt. He thinks there is a good deal to be said on both sides, and that the great differences between the apologist of the "politicals," and the apologist of the Russian Government are due rather to the point of view of each than to any misrepresentation of the facts. His own account of the political prisoners and their mode of life is an interesting one, and on the whole, though some of them suffer great hardships, their lot does not seem such a terrible one as would appear from the harrowing pictures we sometimes get. The great blot on the Siberian exile system is the exile of political prisoners by "administrative process." Under this system any man, woman or child whom the spies of the Government believe to be "politically untrustworthy" can be arrested and banished without trial, and it is to be noted that the greater number of political exiles in Siberia have been deported in this fashion. Mr. Simpson thinks it tolerably certain that there will be a revolution in Russia one day, but he does not believe it will come from any revolutionary party so called. He thinks it will come from the mass of the people. An appreciation of Mrs. Oliphant as a novelist sums up her qualities as humour, sympathy, tolerance, penetration, good sense and felicitous expression; and Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., talks of Bayreuth from the point of view of the ordinary person instead of that of the musical critic. At least he starts out with that intention, but before he comes to an end he launches out into a quite unnecessary dissertation on Wagner's career. Major-General Tweedie speaks highly of the English soldier in his dealings with native women, and from his own experience of Tommy Atkins in the Mutiny, in Abyssinia, and in Afghanistan declares that from the first reports that he had been playing the ruffian during the Plague operations were wholly incredible. A gossip and interesting description of scenes in Thessaly during the armistice by Mr. Walter B. Harris, a Note on the Nature of Tragedy by Mr. Saintsbury, and the continuation of Mr. Blackmore's story, are the other noticeable features of a fairly good number.

"Macmillan's Magazine" publishes some dozen letters written by Sir Humphrey Senhouse (then Captain Senhouse), from H.M.S. "Superb" in the June and July of 1815. The captain was much disappointed in Napoleon's appearance. "His figure is very bad; he is short with a large head, his hands and legs are small, and his body so corpulent as to project very considerably. His coat, made very plain as you see it in most prints, from being very short in the back gives his figure a more ridiculous appearance. His profile is good and is exactly what his busts and portraits represent; but his full face is bad. His eyes are a light blue, with a light yellow tinge on the iris, heavy, and totally contrary to what I expected; his teeth are bad; but the expression of his countenance is versatile, and expressive beyond measure of the quick and varying passions of the mind." As for his manner, the captain chiefly noted his want of politeness to ladies, his endless questions, the lively interest he took in every conceivable subject, and the quickness with which he dashed from one to another. Captain Senhouse started with no prejudice in Napoleon's favour. On 6 July he writes, "I have now lost all good opinion of Napoleon." On 18 July he writes, "It was impossible not to forget all the dark shades of his conduct through life, and to feel nothing but benevolence towards him and his followers. The Admiral," Sir Henry Hotham, "and myself have both discovered that our inveteracy has oozed out like the courage of Acres in 'The Rivals.'" An anonymous writer contributes a Carlylean disquisition on "Hats and Hat Worship," amusing enough; another has some wise words to say on the false method that produced the coloured mezzotint and the coloured impression from the

stipple-plate; and a third makes a somewhat novel point in discussing the duel. It must cease, not because it is a bad institution, but because it is too fine a growth to live in an age of vulgar publicity.

The "Cornhill" is readable from beginning to end, from the anniversary study of Brunel to the July "Pages from a Private Diary," although these pages are becoming a little oppressive in their pedantry. Or was the pedantry there all along, or is it exactly pedantry, this peculiar disease that attacks the able and pleasant gentlemen who chat at the tail of monthly magazines? Mr. C. H. Firth has a fine subject, "The Court of Cromwell," the ceremonies and expenditure at Whitehall. Colonel E. Vibart contributes the first instalment of his personal narrative of the Sepoy revolt at Delhi.

"Temple Bar" has a pretty little account of Greuze by Mr. Harold Armitage, and Mr. Augustus Branton writes of a soldier who began life as Greuze's pupil—Count Henry de Costa, one of the plenipotentiaries who treated with Napoleon on the downfall of Savoy. Of Napoleon, the Count wrote: "His manner was deficient in amenity and grace. The impression left by this young man was a sort of pained admiration." Among other things, Napoleon said to him, "I wanted to make the King's Gerard Dow a condition; but I did not know how to bring a picture into an armistice."

"Longman's" opens with the first six chapters of "Weeping Ferry," the story by Margaret L. Woods that appears in the September issue of "Lippincott's." Mr. J. R. E. Sumner counts up, item by item, the little advantages that the American ranchman, born to the work, has over the Englishman who comes to it—an instructive tale. The American gets more work, and more valuable work, out of his hired hands; he makes closer bargains in trafficking undesirable beasts or machinery with his neighbours; he is better supported by a wife who is as engrossed as her husband in the business of "getting there"; nothing is too insignificant or too troublesome. And the important little things he gets done "while he is resting"!

The "Progressive Review" has rather a bitter article, laying the blame for members' expenditures at the door of their working men constituents, and an exhortation, not very reassuring, to the "Progressive Forces" to unite.

Swift's letters to Chetwode continue in the "Atlantic Monthly." Mr. Basil L. Gildersleeve writes charmingly of Southern trials during the War, a tale lighted now and again with recollections from Thucydides and Aristophanes and their pictures of the Peloponnesian war.

"Harper's" has an appreciation of Du Maurier by Mr. Henry James—delightfully suspended, intricate, considerate, and withdrawn, especially the account of Du Maurier under the late storm of popularity. The "Century" has the concluding extracts from the Journals of the explorer, E. J. Glave, who died in the May of '95, dealing with "Cruelty in the Congo Free State." Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff continues, in "Scribner's," his interesting experiences as a workman seeking employment.

"Cassier's" is an amazing issue of 300 pages entirely devoted to various branches of marine engineering.

The "Mercure de France" publishes the first half of Mr. Meredith's lecture on Comedy, translated by M. Henry Davray

(For This Week's Books see page 330.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

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Adventures of the Broad Arrow, The (Morley Roberts). Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.
Africa, Health in (Dr. Kerr Cross). Nisbet. 3s. 6d.
Alchemy and Pharmacy, The Mystery and Romance of (C. J. S. Thompson). Scientific Press.
Arnold, Thomas and Matthew (Sir Joshua Fitch). Heinemann. 5s.
Baile, The Printers of (C. W. Heckethorn). Unwin. 21s.
Bird Life, Curiosities of (Chas. Dixon). Redway. 7s. 6d.
Charmer, The (Shan F. Bullock). Bowden. 3s. 6d.
Child in the Temple, A (Frank Mathew). Lane. 3s. 6d.
Christ and His Friends (A. F. W. Ingram). Gardner, Darton. 1s. 6d.
Corelli, Marie, The Beauties of (Annie Mackay). Redway. 2s. 6d.
Court of King Arthur, The (W. H. Frost). Macquenn. 6s.
Critical Method, New Essays towards a (J. M. Robertson). Lane. 6s.
Dacot's Treasure, The (H. C. Moore). Addison. 5s.
Day's Tragedy, A (Allen Upward). Chapman & Hall.
English Portraits (Part 3) (Will Rothenstein). Richards. 2s. 6d.
English Towns, The Story of our (P. H. Ditchfield). Redway. 6s.
Ethics, A Manual of (J. S. Mackenzie). Clive. 6s. 6d.
Faith and Social Service (George Hodges). Gardner, Darton. 3s. 6d.
Fight for Freedom, A (Gordon Stables). Nisbet. 5s.
French Literature, History of (Edward Dowden). Heinemann. 6s.
Gadfly, The (E. L. Voinich). Heinemann. 6s.
Great Power, The (M. De Webb). Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.
Greek Prose, Hints and Helps in (W. C. F. Walters). Blackie. 2s. 6d.
Harold Edfermere (Michael Costello). Robertson.
Historic Ornament (James Ward). Chapman & Hall.
Humane Science Lectures (Various Authors). Bell.
Invisible Man, The (H. G. Wells). Pearson. 3s. 6d.
Klondike Gold Fields and How to Get There (F. James). Routledge.
Lady Rosalind (Emma Marshall). Nisbet. 6s.
Latin Prose, First Steps in (W. C. F. Walters). Blackie. 2s.
Mangan, James Clarence, Selected Poems of. Lane.
Martian, The (G. Du Maurier). Harpers.
Middle Greyness (A. J. Dawson). Lane. 6s.
Mother, Baby and Nursery (G. Tucker, M.D.). Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Paradise Coal Boat, The (Cutcliffe Hynes). Bowden. 6s.
Plant Life, Glimpses into (Mrs. Brightwen). Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Postmaster of Market Deighton (B. P. Oppenheim). Routledge.
Prisoners of Conscience (A. E. Barr). Unwin. 6s.
Quartier Latin, The. Iliffe & Son. 6d.
Queen of the Jesters (Max Pemberton). Pearson. 6s.
Rip's Redemption, The (E. Livingston Prescott). Nisbet. 6s.
Rivington's Latin Reader (three parts). Rivingtons. 1s. each.
Russia, In Joyful (John A. Logan). Pearson. 10s. 6d.
Secret Societies, The (a Vols.) (C. W. Heckethorn). Redway. 31s. 6d.
Skipper's Wooing, The (W. W. Jacobs). Pearson. 3s. 6d.
Sorrows of a Society Woman, The (Mark English). Roxburghe Press. 6s.
Soudan, Fire and Sword in the (R. C. S. Pashal). Arnold. 6s.
Thessaly, The Battlefields of (Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett). Murray. 9s.
Three Partners (Bret Harte). Chatto & Windus.
United States, Canada, and Mexico, Journal of a Tour in the (Lady Howard of Glossop). Sampson Low.
Wordsworth, The Early Life of. Dent. 7s. 6d.

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Gold recovered	2,000 ozs.

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Gold recovered	2,075 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	10,781 ozs.

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Gold returned	2,703 ozs.

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Gold recovered	930 ozs.

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Tons treated	5,700 tons of 2,000 lbs.
Gold recovered	830 ozs.

CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.

Tons treated	95 tons of 2,000 lbs.
Gold recovered	270 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	3,929 ozs.

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Stamps running	60
Ore crushed	4,994 tons of 2,000 lbs.
Gold returned	1,866 ozs.

TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.

Tons treated	3,350 tons of 2,000 lbs.
Gold recovered	600 ozs.

CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.

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Development has progressed as follows :—

MINE.

										ft.	ft.
3rd to 4th LEVELS:											
Central Winze on South Reef										39	to a total of 237½
Pass below Main Reef Leader to 4th Level										12	" 12
4th LEVEL:											
Raise in Main Reef Leader West... ..										19	" 60
Cross-cut North under Main-reef Leader										61	" 61
Main Cross-cut South to South Reef										7	" 321
Total										138	" 691½

3rd to 4th LEVELS:

The Central Winze on South Reef is expected to strike the Reef any hour at about 100 feet above the 4th Level.

4th LEVEL:

The Main Cross-cut to the South Reef is finished, and drives are now being turned away east and west on the South Reef.

The remainder of the development is devoted to rendering some 25,000 tons on the Main Reef Leader available for stopping and will shortly realise that result.

MILLING.

Stamps at Work	40	
Net running time	28 days 9 hrs. 22 min.	
Tons Crushed	6,000 tons	
Tons per Stamp per diem	5'4	
Bullion won	5,808'30 ozs. troy	

(Equal to 19'3 dwts. per ton milled.)

CYANIDE.

Tons treated, 4,134.	
Bullion won	2,767'45 "
(Equal to 13'38 dwts. per ton Cyanided.)	
Total output	8,575'75 ozs. troy
(Equal to 1 oz. 8 dwts. 14 grs. per ton milled.)	

SLIMES.

THE SLIMES PLANT has been run experimentally during July with success.

It is found, however, that an addition to the precipitation plant is necessary, which is being made.

The first clean-up of results will be made at end of September.

This month's expenditure and profits have been rather severely influenced by the payments of Kaffirs for five weeks instead of four, and extra general charges—both unusual items, and amounting to a total of £1,000.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

EXPENDITURE for 6,000 Tons.				REVENUE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mining	4,520	1	8	MILL GOLD:			
Sorting and Crushing	655	9	11	Gold won 5,808'30 ozs. at 70s.	20,329	1	0
Milling	1,133	18	2	Less Insurance	21	6	0
Cyaniding	1,487	9	3				20,307 15 0
Slimes	178	8	10	Plus amount received in excess of Book			
General Expenses	550	7	1	entries for June			327 10 4
	8,525	14	11	(1s. 1'10d. per ton)			
London Office	360	11	2	CYANIDE GOLD:			
Directors and Auditors' Fees	231	0	0	Gold won 2,767 ozs. at 70s.	9,878	8	0
	9,117	6	1	Plus amount received in excess of Book			
Development Redemption—6,000 tons... ..	2,850	0	0	entries for June	343	11	7
	11,967	6	1	RAND CENTRAL:			
Net Profit	19,667	9	4	Bye-Products:	777	10	6
	£31,634	15	5				10,999 10 1
				Total (£5 5s. 5'39d. per ton)	£31,634	15	5

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

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